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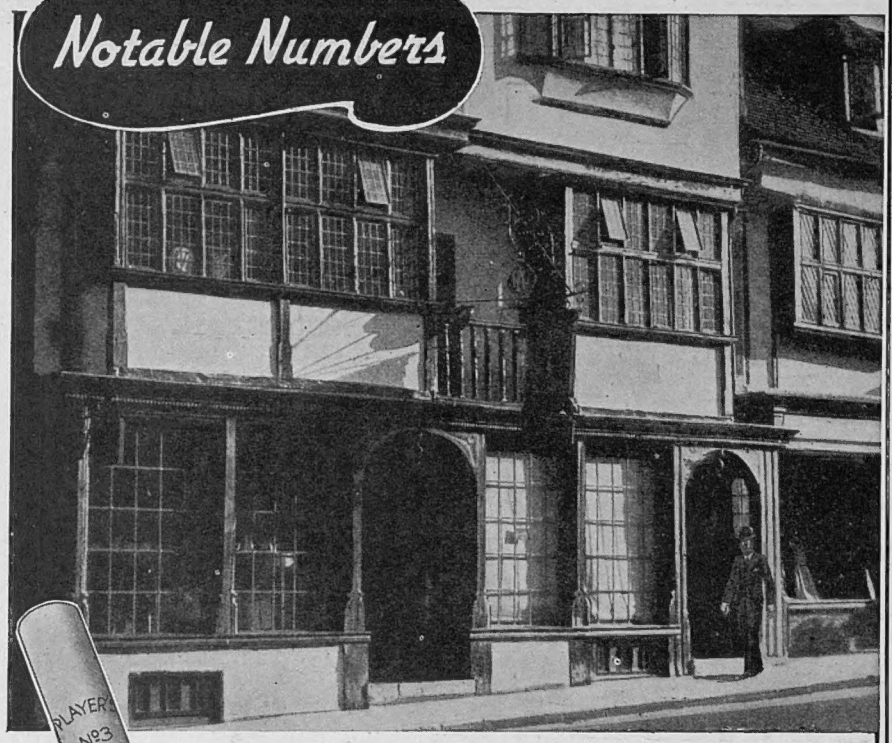

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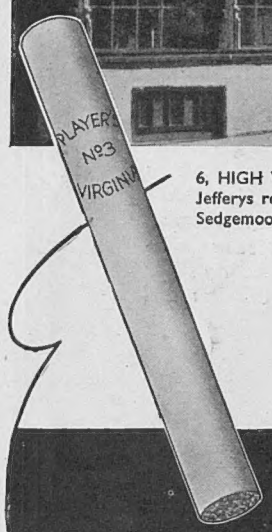

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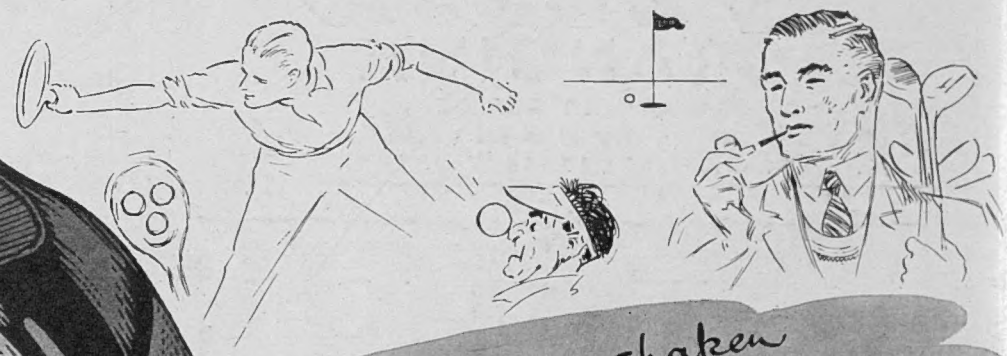

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, August 12, 1939

THE "MAURETANIA" DOCKS IN LONDON

Holiday Crowds Witness a Fine Feat as the Liner is Eased into the King George V Dock with a Minimum of Room to Spare

The London river, with its tortuous twists and turns between Sea Reach and dockland, is difficult enough to negotiate in a 5,000-ton cargo vessel, so it was little wonder that holidaymakers flocked last Sunday to gaze in admiration as the 34,000-ton *Mauretania*, bearer of an honoured name and the largest ship ever to use London as her terminal port, sailed majestically from the estuary, through the Gravesend narrows, past Greenhithe, where the old *Cutty Sark* lies at her moorings, to the entrance of King George V Dock. It was then that Pilot Jones accomplished a feat he will doubtless for long remember with pride and which caused the multitude of spectators to look on with bated breath. Having a clearance of only 3½ ft. on either side of the lock, and having a total of only 28 ft. to spare at bows and stern, Pilot Jones, exercising the most wonderful judgment, eased the *Mauretania* in without a hitch. In another half-hour she was safely at her berth in the King George V Dock. It was a magnificent effort and one that the Thames pilots will have to repeat every time the great vessel starts or finishes a round trip. On her voyage from New York the *Mauretania* brought 1,200 passengers and, included in a large cargo, was a consignment of fresh pears and plums grown in California and a quantity of heavy machinery

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IN SEARCH OF SUNSHINE: A glimpse of one of the long queues on Waterloo Station as Londoners set out for the coast in the hope that the weather would improve. It was the wettest August Bank Holiday week-end for seven years. On the London–Colchester road the traffic flow was 1,000 cars per hour less than last year

FLEET STREET ON FRIDAY, AUGUST 4: After a series of torrential downpours many Londoners decided to spend the last open-air holiday of the year in London rather than risk the disappointment of finding it raining at the seaside

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4
Wednesday, August 9, 1939.

APOLOGY FOR PESSIMISM.

—One or two old friends among readers have twitted me for having been rather gloomy lately about the political situation. The whole subject is not an ideal one for bright, jolly, breezy journalism. "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world" is a slogan which don't seem to suit Europe, politically considered to-day. But if I have been depressed in spirit, it is rather from boredom than dread. Turn back the files, if you have the endurance, and choosing your surest, sounded publicist, tot up how often he has said in the last years the same thing in much the same words, and then, how often his words have proved that he was ignorant of the facts. To go on writing week after week on a wide and complex subject of which one (in common with most ministers of state) knows nothing much and has repeated oneself *ad nauseam* —for the bald issues are simple enough —tends to create a certain depression. But it is the pessimism of boredom, except as regards one factor. That factor is something less trite. It is the gradual realisation of the fact (which until lately has remained not *quite* certain) that the Axis powers have of deliberate policy resolved to reject all evidence of a desire for a settlement by the Democracies, and to laugh to scorn any and every conciliatory gesture. With this exception, my pessimism is the pessimism of boredom. If war were to come, I personally feel now not the slightest doubt as to the ultimate issue —that Italy and Germany will be shattered completely. That an orgy of destruction must come first and a new and strange world order afterwards one accepts as obvious, but our minds are already fatalistic—in that state in which they were in 1917—and we do not look far ahead or allow bogies however grim to upset us. In Germany's "war of nerves" we are holding our own admirably. Our nerves are improving daily. France and England are strong and resolute as nations and as fighting forces. We are prepared for the immediate possibility of the worst, and, having faced facts, we allow ourselves a modified optimism. The worst may not come. But bored . . . yes. The dreary subject of Europe and the East induces a mild depression which our summer weather tends to deepen.

WORDS AND DEEDS.—

Perhaps, after all, treaties and statutes aimed against aggression have no greater force than as gestures, and we may comfort ourselves, in disappointment over American isolationism and Russian delays, by the belief that if world hostilities ever break out, due to Axis aggression, neither America nor Russia, in their different spheres of usefulness, would long remain neutral while Democracy fought for its existence. An article in *Izvestia*, written at the end of July by M. Lemin, having clear official authority, declared in no minced terms that Fascist aggression had already produced a war which, in full progress, had drawn a quarter of the world's population into its orbit and joined 7,000,000 troops in conflict from Gibraltar to Shanghai. Germany, the only begetter, has forgotten nothing and learned nothing, and is already economically exhausted and her people tired of the war and military adventures. The Soviet Government holds no brief for the morality of the late great war. This succeeding great war is in another category. The Chinese are fighting in a just cause. The workers of all the world are facing German aggression in a fight for existence and when the moment is ripe (e.g., an attack on Poland) Russia is ready to bring 170,000,000 people to meet the Fascist incendiary, and with them a number of "surprises" in the technique of death-dealing, which will increase the unpleasantness for the Axis powers. Allowing for the journalistic exuberance of language, the implications of the declaration are clear enough, and of a nature to cheer up those who deplore M. Maisky's deliberation. And Russia's urgent insistence on preliminary staff talks seems to confirm this view of her attitude in the event of war.

GERMANY FOR QUIETNESS.

—I strained my ears to catch the music of Shakespeare's poetry at an open-air performance of *Twelfth Night*. But the roar of aeroplanes overhead and the din of mechanical transport on the roads made the effort fruitless. My neighbour said "There's nowhere in England to-day where an open-air play can be fitly staged. The noise of preparation for war is too persistent and loud. There are only two countries left in Europe where one can get any peace—Germany and Italy. There, there is no flying, and troop movements are localised." And that curious paradox is, I believe, broadly true. I commend it to the Axis tourist agencies for slogan purposes. Funny, isn't it? But of late in Germany the air manœuvres were going on and aeroplanes were to be seen in the sky.

LORD HOWARD.—Lord Howard of Penrith, better known as Sir Esme, was a great ambassador and a man of immense personal charm. He was an ambassador of the "old school" in the best sense—he did the bulk of his service in days when an ambassador's personality could have play and he could win for his country the favour of the nation to which he was accredited by the exercise of personal gifts. In his prime an ambassador was more than a telephone exchange. In Rome and in Madrid he won golden opinions, helped by his wife who is more than half Italian and who rivalled him in personal charm. When he succeeded Sir Auckland Geddes at Washington he proved his full worth. In the Latin countries of the Old World and the Roman Catholic faith, his success was to be expected. In America it was for testing. During the six years he remained at Washington he won a reputation which could be compared with Bryce's and the affection of the Americans which exceeded that given to any of our great ambassadors there. He achieved in his time, in the creation of true understanding of Britain, what the King and Queen did in a week, and that is to say a good deal. Lord Howard had literary tastes and a good deal of literary skill. He had settled down near Haslemere in a small house which delighted him and he was looking forward, when death intervened, to a happy and peaceful old age.

I.R.A.—Quite a number of Irish made a dash for it while the last stages of the I.R.A. Bill were being rushed through. "An exodus of Irishmen from England began last night (July 28) when trains from Euston to Holyhead were crowded." Never before have we been so thankful to see the last of visitors to these shores. We are speeding a few more by expulsion orders. The harm they have done to their own land is infinitely greater and more lasting than that which they have done to England. They have not stopped short of murder, they have cost us many thousands of pounds in damage and in precaution and detection work. And the results are barren indeed. Much of the sympathy we in England may have gained for Irish aspirations and grievances is gone for a decade. We feel more strongly than ever we did that Ulster must be protected from any closer association with a race that can perpetuate such crimes. It is perhaps the most salient lesson in all history of the utter futility of campaigns of assassination, sabotage and violence for a political end. Always such campaigns hoist those who conduct

them on their own petard and set back the cause for a generation. We feel some pity for ourselves that for a decade or more we must support in our prisons a hundred or so of these men, and spare a little to Eire for her misfortune in breeding and harbouring those who shame her.

WASH-OUT SUMMERS.—

It is annoying to find that we have statistically enjoyed a dry half year. Even July has not been abnormally wet. Yet the last dry sunny spell ended about June 11, and since then we have had perpetual damp, constant wind and no sunshine to speak of. Soft fruit, it seems, thrives under these conditions. Strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries and currants were bumper crops, with more than usual sweetness of taste, at least in our arid soil. And how bracken revels in these conditions! No amount of "sloshing" will check its growth this year. Four times have we cut it down when it was freshly uncurled only to find in three days' time a fresh growth, triple headed. Cheerless summers are, alas! not uncommon. It is my job to be for ever reading private diaries, and I have been struck by the number of non-stop wet periods of great length in the summers of the past fifty years. They usually end in a fierce heat wave and long drought in August or early September. And such I hope will be the case this year before we creep in to the fireside for the winter.

CAR LIFE AND FACTS.—

The motor manufacturers have published some interesting facts about cars in England—an annual review of the industry, 1939. The taxation revenue derived from motor vehicles directly and indirectly was nearly £88,000,000—a record. The average life of a popular private car is estimated to be 8¼ years, rather longer than in "normal" times. It is an interesting figure. It is a principle among the poorer car owners that buying new cars is the poor man's economy; that it pays to exchange one's car for a new model after two years when the price of the old is still an important counter of exchange, and running and repairing costs have not yet begun to mount up after 25,000 miles of running. That figure of 8¼ years of life speaks well for the makers' efficiency, but one always wonders who are the owners of his old cars in the last milestones of their lives. Who can afford to *run* (it is easy enough to possess) a seven-year-old mass-produced car that has done its 80,000 miles? Then, the cost-of-running figures of a medium h.p. car—say 12 h.p.—are interesting on a basis of 12,000 miles a year. The total taxation is estimated at £31·9. This compares with £9·69 in the States. There is one private car for every twenty-three persons in the U.K. and for every four persons in the U.S.A. The discrepancy is not surprising when one reads of the difference in taxation costs. On the other hand, the average h.p. of privately owned cars in the U.K. is twelve, in U.S.A. twenty-five or more. So that twice as much petrol is required per car on the average in the U.S.A.

TENNYSON'S HOME.—

A plea has been raised to secure for the nation by a resolute public appeal Tennyson's old home, Aldworth, close to Haslemere. Certainly Aldworth was Tennyson's Surrey home, and he loved its views and he wrote poetry there and there died. Its view is still fine, though not quite what it was. But the plea raises the whole difficult question of monuments to public men and appeals to the public for national purchases. A line must be drawn somewhere and a clear policy worked out. It is much more important in my view that public generosity should be turned to the purchase for the nation of green spaces and natural beauties than to the preservation of hideous buildings *in piam memoriam*. I would not give a penny to preserve the house. Aldworth is grotesque, badly built, uncomfortable, a white elephant, a monument of bad taste. Tennyson is adequately remembered in monuments. Farringford, his older, Isle of Wight home, was kept by his son almost as a museum while the poet's family lived there, and it is a museum now. Elsewhere, on the downs, in our shrines, Tennyson is remembered in monuments. If any part of Aldworth is to be preserved, it should not be the house. A section of the land might perhaps be added to the parcel of Blackdown already held by the National Trust.

IMPORTANCE OF PARLIAMENT.—

M.P.s were very much divided in opinion about the length of the recess, and the Premier was criticised for being much too Hitlerish in his refusal to listen to the many arguments propounded for curtailing Parliament's holiday time. But, reading through the speeches, one came to the conclusion that there was general agreement (Mr. Chamberlain and a very few realists dissenting) that the country would feel very much happier if the light were burning in the big tower.

By

The Old Stager

Even those who supported the Premier by the argument that to curtail M.P.s' holidays would be tickling the dictators' vanity, showed their strong belief in the public's confidence in Parliament, and in the importance of Parliament. Yet I do not believe I am unique in holding a very contrary view. I do not feel the slightest anxiety when M.P.s are on holiday. On the contrary, I feel the country to be infinitely safer and the business of state to be conducted far more efficiently when these few hundreds, who are supposed to represent us, are gabbling about golf or salmon or wooing their constituents. In times of grave danger their loose tongues and embarrassing questions in the House, their heady school-debating-society speeches, their everlasting jabber acerbate the situation and handicap the executives. I am happy to think that those who ask awkward questions in Parliament are enjoying their well-earned rest and that Westminster is given over to silence and dust sheets and some measure of its ancient dignity.

THE TWO VOICES.—

August 3. The Secretary for the Dominions, speaking in Argyllshire, declared with remarkable confidence that war is unlikely and that the Government had very good reason for saying that. Lord Halifax, on the same day, speaking in the Lords, said: "As we rise for our recess, much as I should like to do so, I cannot encourage anyone to feel complacent about the situation. We cannot be complacent, for that would not accord with the facts as we believe them to exist to-day." Nothing (it is true) is more unfair than to take gobbets of ministerial utterances apart from their context. But that was done by the B.B.C. (much as I have done it), and the contrast was piquant and even funny. Had the Government withheld its "very good reasons" from the Foreign Secretary while communicating them to the Dominions Secretary? Or had Sir T. taken his Kruschen and Lord H. omitted to do so?

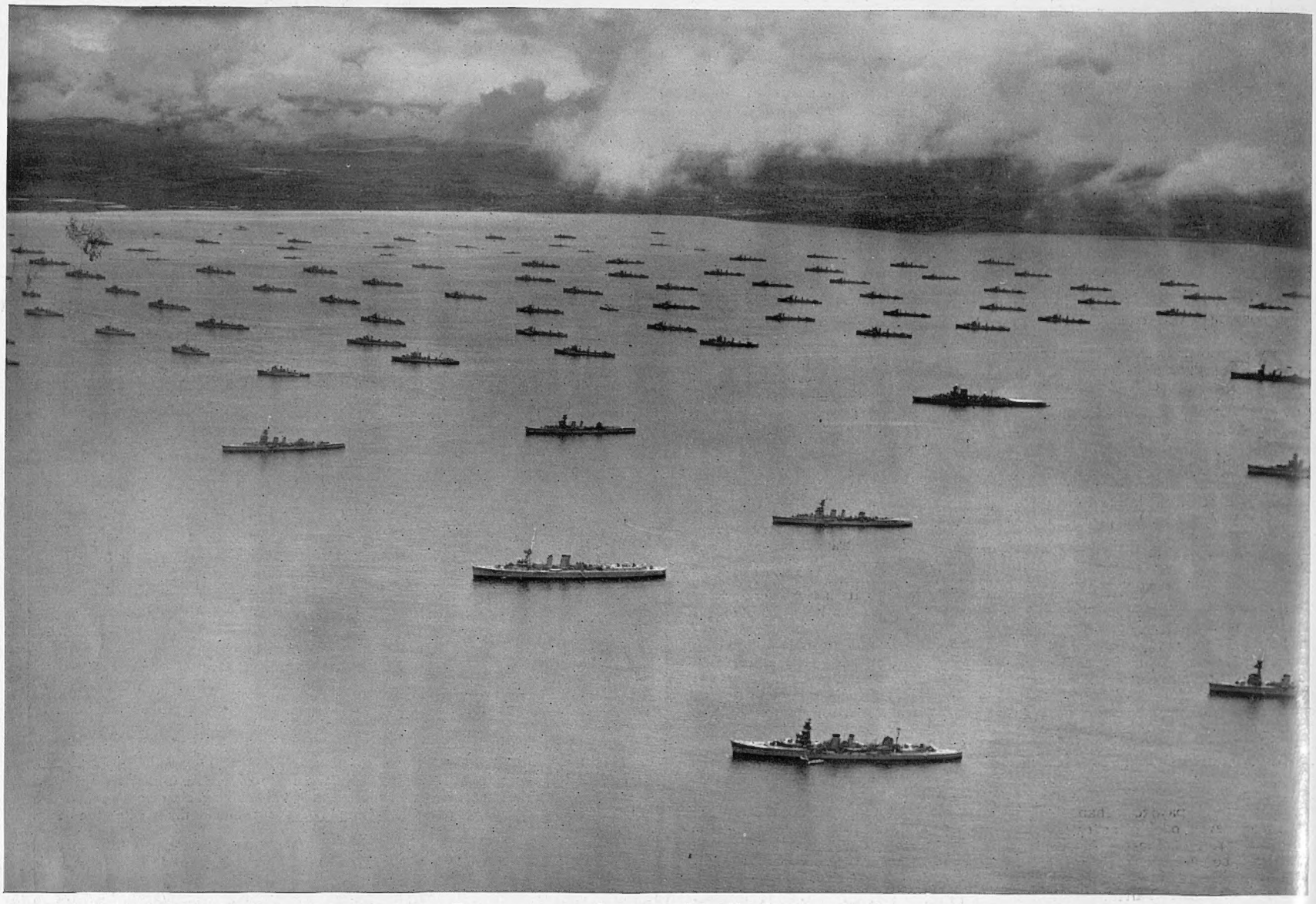
DROWNED OUT.—

The weather has done its best to damp the ardour of our young army. On the twenty-fifth anniversary of our entry into the great war the biggest of our Territorial camps was flooded out. It was literally a pudding—a muddy sponge—and the barns and outhouses of Lymington did what could be done to house the soaked and chilly men. How that announcement took me back to early days of the great war in England and later days in the Somme area. How often a quarter century ago did harassed billeting officers search the countryside for shelters with roofs to cover sodden campers while men in gum-boots drove ineffective drains across the morasses and scraped a muddy foot of top-spit off camping grounds. "Jupiter Pluvius" is a puny creature. He never succeeds in his object. The more his waters dilute the spirit of the army the more that spirit grows potent and goes to the head. He makes the men sing, and oddly enough there is no "morning after." He never has any effect on their general health.

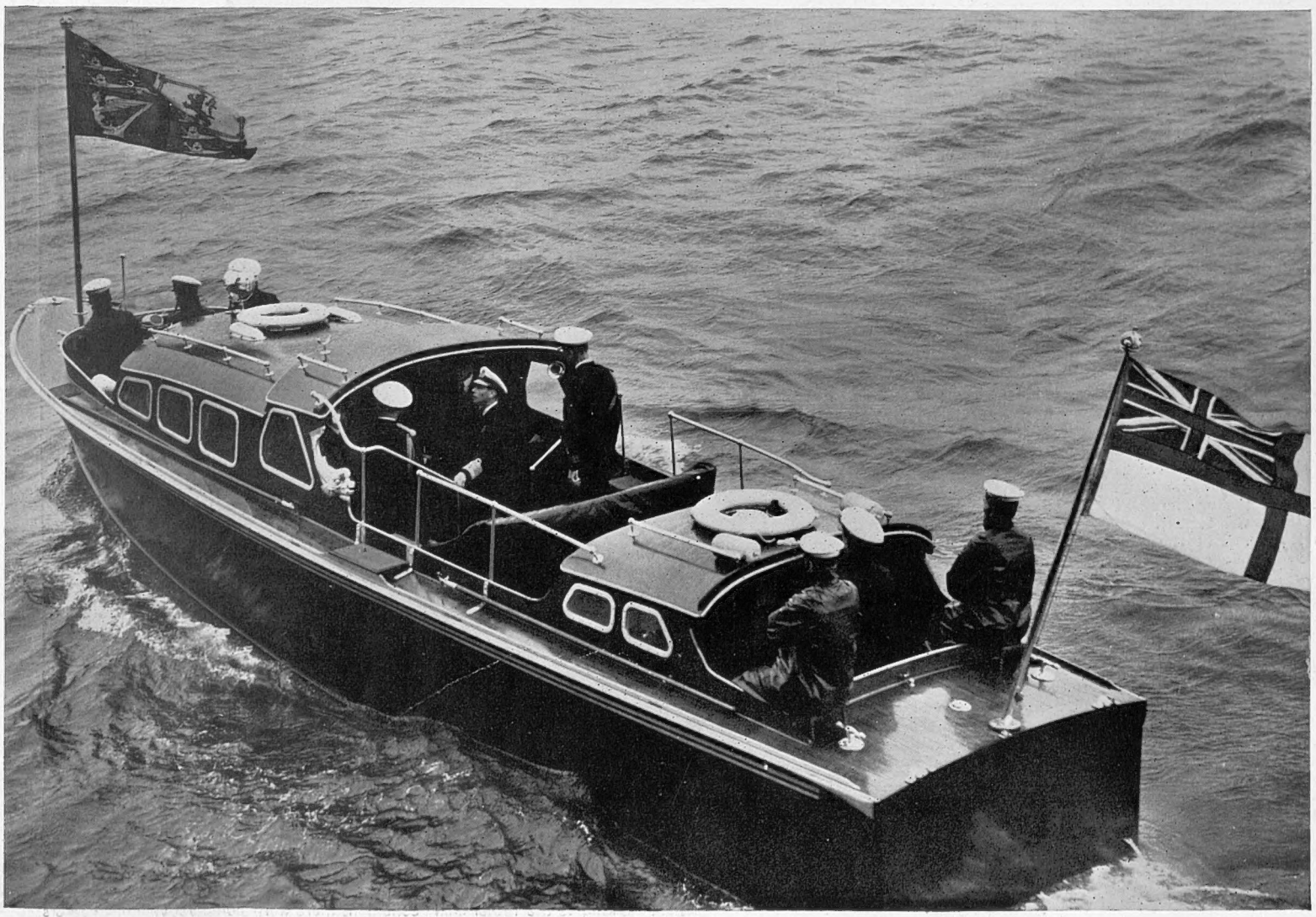
THE ROYAL FAMILY TAKE PART IN A SING-SONG: A picture taken during the week-end at the King's Camp (formerly the Duke of York's Camp) on Balmoral estate, where 200 boys from Public Schools and working class communities are having a holiday together. The King has spent much time with the boys

BLACKPOOL ON BANK HOLIDAY was thronged, but it was by no means as thronged as usual and there were actually a few gaps to be seen on the foreshore. Owing to the rather chilly conditions there were comparatively few bathers

THE KING REVIEWS THE MASSED STRENGTH OF



A GREAT DAY IN THE ANNALS OF THE BRITISH NAVY: This was the magnificent scene in Weymouth Bay last Wednesday morning as 133 warships of the Reserve Fleet were lined up for review by the King before leaving on a series of arduous exercises. It was a truly inspiring assembly, and no less inspiring was the thought of the Navy's achievement in organisation; for only a few weeks ago these ships were lying in port with nucleus crews to keep them in condition. Now they had sprung into life and were being manned with splendid efficiency by 12,000 reservists, who had given up work ashore to spend eight weeks with their old service



On left— **WITH THE ROYAL STANDARD FLYING AT HER BOWS** the Royal barge sped across Weymouth Bay, taking the King (who had broken his holiday at Balmoral especially for the occasion) to spend a day among the 12,000 men of his Reserve Fleet. The Review took place in the afternoon, and in the morning His Majesty paid a series of calls, the first being to the aircraft-carrier *Courageous*, where he inspected 1,500 men who had been chosen to meet him by a ballot held throughout the Fleet

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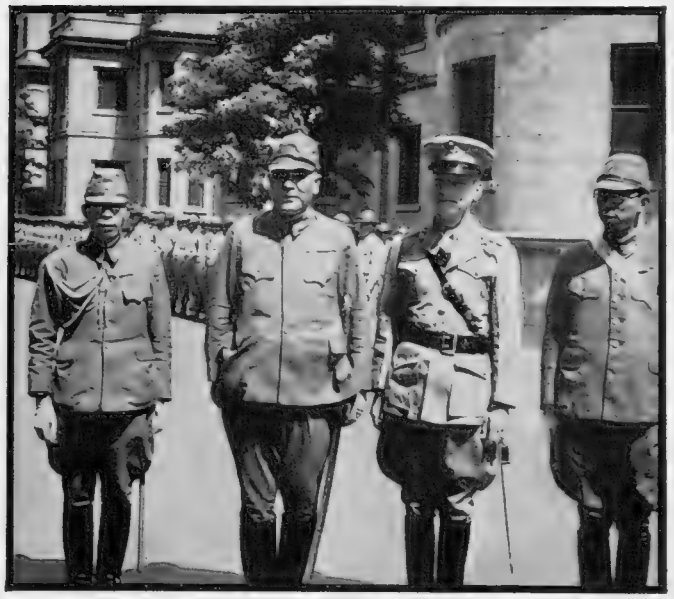
Tientsin in the Second Month of the Blockade

JAPANESE TROOPS PATROL THE HAI-HO RIVER: A party of infantrymen on their "beat" between Tientsin and the sea. Ever since the blockade began they have been stopping all cargo vessels coming upstream to the British and French Concessions. They have also been stopping the small river boats laden with market produce

AN AMERICAN SHOWS HIS PAPERS TO A JAPANESE GUARD and is at once admitted to the British Concession. A picture that evidences the slightly better feeling that has prevailed following the start of the Tokyo talks. Even so Britons have continued to receive scant respect and it has remained extremely difficult to obtain adequate food supplies. Prices of some products are at least 70 per cent. higher than they were at the start of the blockade



A STRICTLY FORMAL MEETING: General Homma (second from left), Commander of Japanese forces in Tientsin, and Lieut.-Colonel Hawthorne (second from right), Commander of the American Marine Garrison, pictured together during a courtesy call by General Homma. Feeling between America and Japan runs high

STOPPED FOR SEARCH: A truck held up by guards in the Japanese-controlled area. It is the property of an American rug firm, one of several in Tientsin that are finding business difficult on account of Japan's cornering of wool supplies. *On left*—A Japanese river patrol about to pass under a swing bridge on the Hai-Ho

PROVENÇALS AT PLAY: Dancing the "farandole" during an interval between bull-fights in the Roman arena at Arles. Bull-fighting in France takes on various aspects, from the stupidly crude, in which animals are slaughtered in the most undignified manner, to the boldly elegant, in which skill, daring, and agility are demonstrated for public approval without the necessity for sacrificing life

BULL-FIGHTING WITHOUT TEARS

And Other Aspects of Life in Southern France

Bull-fighting, which is now in full swing in Provence, and the question of the Pyrenean frontier bridges form the subjects of the following two notes sent to "The Sphere" by Georges Clarrière, a correspondent in Southern France.

DURING the months of July and August the bull-fighting season is on in France. At Nîmes, Arles, Beaucaire, Orange, Lunel, Marseilles, Beziers, etc., and right up to the Franco-Spanish frontier at Céret and elsewhere, the arenas are crowded almost every Sunday afternoon. It is necessary, however, to explain that bull-fighting in France, except on special occasions, is quite unlike that in Spain. On most occasions the French arena presents a family spectacle which does not shock or disgust, and in which there is no real bloodshed unless there be an unfortunate accident.

There are three grades of these arena shows: "courses à toros," "corrida" and "gran corrida"—which last means the use of horses, and finally the "mis à mort" or putting to death of frightfully tortured animals. Only on rare occasions, and in strictly limited localities, is a "gran corrida" permitted to take place in France, because, on the whole, such a spectacle is utterly abhorrent to French minds and public sentiment. In the ordinary "corrida," the bulls may be killed, but no horses are employed. The "courses à toros" is a comparatively mild spectacle, though highly exciting and dangerous, and requiring great skill, daring and agility; but it is happily without bloodshed or deliberate cruelty to the bulls. What these animals receive are, for such savage beasts, mere pinpricks.

This is the sport which is now in full swing at Nîmes, Beaucaire, Arles and other towns in Provence. Farther south and south-west real bull-fights may be witnessed.

The spectacle in the Roman arena at Arles is, amongst the "courses à toros," perhaps the finest one. In this contest the bulls are "vedettes" (or "stars") and often come from the famous stables of the Marquis de Baroncelli. Just as in racing horses have names, so in "tauromachie" have bulls—names such as Charmentoun, Ensella, Sarraie, and Marinero.

Each bull in turn has to defend cocardes which are affixed behind its head and shoulders, and these cocardes are priced from, say, 100 to 500 francs each. The total price of the cocardes may run up to 3,000 or 5,000 francs. This largely depends on the cost of mounting the spectacle, and the anticipated gate-money. The sport, broadly speaking, consists in nipping off the cocardes with a "pique," though there is far more in it than that—just as in football there is far more than merely kicking a ball through the goal-posts.

The players (one cannot call them either toreadors or matadors, though certain may rank as picadors) have their places—which the bull very soon upsets! At moments when the spectacle is at its height, the crowds cheer and stand up in their seats; and when a cocarde is won, there is a thunder of applause, and to mark their appreciation, over-excited spectators throw hats and sticks and all sorts of things into the arena.

After several fights—or rather matches—with celebrated bulls comes the interval, which in reality is a change of spectacle. There is music and dancing of the *farandole* and other dances of Provence; and sometimes songs and choruses are sung, the spectators taking up the refrain. The spectacle ends with a procession and presentation of the prize-winners, who meet with a great ovation. But people keep their hats this time—and in the meantime the bulls have gone to have a rest!

* * *

PROBABLY few but motorists are aware of the great number of bridges there are crossing rivers and ravines on the French side of the Pyrenées. The oldest bridges are Spanish-built, and the others French, with the exception of certain modern ones partially constructed by Italians and Swiss. The old Spanish bridges, sometimes built of brick, are of extremely fine design, and often of very daring proportions. The newer bridges may have the same qualities, but being for the most part built of dressed stone, and later on often a combination of stone and ferro-concrete, they somehow look rather less imposing. The inhabitants on both sides of the Pyrenées have always been great bridge builders, and one may wonder how in earliest times, in bridging ravines at a great height above a river, the builders managed to construct the armature with nothing but fir poles tied together.

One of the earliest and finest bridges in the French Pyrenées is the Pont du Diable at Céret, a few miles from Perpignan, and not far from the great mountain Canigou. This bridge, of Spanish work, is of brick and cobble-stones, and of hog's-back formation—called "dos d'ane" in France. It has a span of 146 ft., and the highest point of the arch is 90 ft. above the river Tech. Although built as early as 1321, it has so withstood the test of centuries that motor lorries can cross it to-day, although, as the bridge is narrow, only one at a time. This famous bridge, like many others, is classed as a "monument historique" and will shortly be closed to heavy vehicles, as a traffic bridge has just been built with one end touching the ancient bridge and the other, across the river, 100 yards to one side. To have a bridge at Céret that would serve modern purposes there was no alternative but to build here or destroy and replace the ancient bridge. But Céret has a third bridge, a railway bridge.

The passage to and from Spain by Le Perthus has generally been considered of little importance (there being no railway line) from the French point of view, until it was used, almost in preference to known but "unclassified" points at which one may pass from one country to another, by many thousands of Republican refugees during the recent civil war. But now the Perthus route, and all others (whether by road or rail, or both together) have suddenly leaped into the limelight. All competent French authorities are wide awake to the changing

(Continued on page 260)

A MODERN PONT DU GARD: The Séjourné Viaduct at Fontpédrouse, on the frontiers of France and Spain, is a remarkable construction of granite and of the most daring conception. Now that the question of border defence looms large this bridge must be deemed a point of some vulnerability

A GEM OF THE BRIDGE-BUILDER'S ART: The Pont du Diable at Céret, a few miles from the Pyrenean frontier, was built at the beginning of the fourteenth century and can still carry heavy traffic. Owing to its perfect proportions, however, it is being classed as a "monument historique" and for safety's sake it will shortly be closed to large vehicles. It is of Spanish origin and of typical hog's-back formation

A "COURSES À TOROS" IN ARLES ARENA: A great crowd watching the most humane type of bull-fighting—a sport that dates back to the days of early Greek colonisation in Provence and is far more elegant than the Spanish version. It is the object of the bull's opponents to snatch the cocarde, a ribbon tied into the bull's hair between the horns, as the animal charges, and not to kill him. These cocardes carry large money prizes. Great skill and courage are required to snatch them, and the bulls which defend them are idolised by a people to whom bull-breeding and fighting are the breath of life

NEWS OUT OF FRANCE

TO HELP MAKE FRENCH YOUTH AIR-MINDED this exhibition van, organised jointly by Air France and the French Air Ministry, set out last week from the Place de la Concorde, Paris, on a tour that will take it right through the country. *On right*—Within, the car is fitted up like the interior of a passenger plane and with dummy passengers in the seats. Lecturers are always at hand

FRANCE SENDS BACK THE SPANISH GOLD: Lorries pictured as they crossed the Pyrenean frontier carrying the ingots which were lodged in Paris at the beginning of the Civil War and have lain there ever since. This money, which the Republican Government vainly hoped to spend on arms to prosecute the campaign against General Franco, will now be spent on the more worthy cause of rebuilding Spain's devastated areas

WINGS OVER SACRÉ CŒUR: Royal Air Force machines flying above Montmartre during one of the recent training flights to France, which have so aroused popular enthusiasm in view of the fact that they give unmistakable evidence of the growing striking powers of Britain's "Armee de l'Air." The visits have also proved valuable in that they have allowed the French anti-aircraft gunners a chance to familiarise themselves with types of planes which they would be expected to recognise in time of war

HONOURED GUEST OF THE REGIMENT: Mlle Antoinette Poire, "godmother" of the 4th Regiment of Moroccan Spahis, arriving with a guard of honour to attend the Spahis' annual festivities at Senlis. The Spahis are among the most colourful of all the French troops and they were loudly cheered during the Bastille Day march through Paris. The word Spahi derives from the Persian sipahi (soldier), and is identical with sepoy

ONE OF THE FIRST TO BENEFIT under the "family code," the new Government grant to help parents raise larger families, is Madame Resinbeau, who is seen in a Paris hospital with her newly-born baby. The French have for long been concerned about their falling birth-rate, and as a result the sum of 3,000 francs is being paid for every first child born

TERRITORIALS IN

MAKING USE OF THE TERRAIN: Men of the 4th Battalion, the Hampshire Regiment, firing from good positions of cover during training near Corfe Castle, Dorset. One of the men has an anti-tank gun. *On left*—Men of Queen Victoria's Rifles march back to their camp in the New Forest

SCOTS WHA HAE

THE SILENT DRUMMERS

Drummers of the London Scottish, who are in camp with the regiment in the New Forest, practise their art on the felt-topped canteen tables. It is good training and has the merit of worrying nobody

TRAINING

BREN GUN INSTRUCTION FOR THE FOURTH HAMPSHIRES: Members of this keen Territorial unit learning some of the finer points of a modern weapon at their camp near Corfe Castle, Dorset. Although the weather in camp has not been good and conditions have at times been definitely unpleasant, the men have shown extraordinary keenness, and it is obvious to the most superficial observer that they are enjoying every moment of it. Isolated complaints about food conditions are receiving serious attention

Members of the London Scottish make soldierly figures as they sharply turn their eyes to the right on marching past their commanding officer. They form one of the Territorial Army battalions of the Gordon Highlanders

AGAG

With his forage cap placed at a jaunty angle this pyjama-clad soldier at Corfe Camp, Dorset, picks his way delicately among the muddy lines

ALL THE WORLD

THE PROBLEMS OF THE DUTCH ROAD-BUILDER ARE MANIFOLD owing to the boggy nature of the subsoil, and brushwood mattresses of the type depicted here have to be laid down at great expense in order to ensure stability. The brushwood is heavily weighted with sand and above this the road is constructed. On one part of the new highway between The Hague and Utrecht 11,000,000 cub. yards of sand have had to be used

THE DUTCH GOVERNMENT'S COMPREHENSIVE ROAD-BUILDING PLAN involves the construction of large numbers of bridges to span the country's host of waterways. This modern concrete bridge crosses the Merwede canal on the new motor road that travels east from Amsterdam, via Amersfoort, to the German frontier

PEATY SUBSOIL FORCED TO THE SURFACE on a farm bordering one of the newly completed Dutch national highways. A picture that evidences the extreme sensitivity of the land to the pressure of heavy traffic and clearly indicating what an immense problem the authorities have to face in putting through their road-building programme. Roy Elston describes in this article exactly how the problem is being combated

CREATING A STABLE SURFACE: This picture and that reproduced on the right show how a sand embankment constructed on top of a mattress of brushwood sinks by means of its own weight, and in doing so forces up on either side large quantities of peaty subsoil. By the addition of more and more sand the embankment eventually becomes stable, and it is thus possible to build upon it a road which will not collapse under traffic strain

At the moment road-building is proceeding at an extraordinarily rapid pace all over the world, and great new highways are being brought into being both in the interests of commerce and for strategic purposes. In a recent issue of "The Sphere" Wentworth Day described the "Marzipan" roads of Egypt, which are being laid across the length and breadth of the desert, while this week Roy Elston outlines Holland's special problems arising from the possession of an unfortunately boggy subsoil. Further articles on the subject of road-building will appear in due course.

HOLLAND is the land where building problems are different. Rules do not apply to Dutch conditions. If you build a row of houses according to a London builder's principles, you will wake up one morning to find it has moved 50 yds. back with an oozing, peaty chasm dividing it from its highway. I have seen it happen, and it looked as if an earthquake had passed by. It is the same if you build a road on the principles of an Italian or German autostrada; in a few weeks it will straddle the polders like a rampant Chinese dragon.

It is all because of the boggy subsoil 30 to 40 ft. deep. It is sometimes so soft that a 5-metre pole can be pushed for its full length into the ground with one hand. The Dutch road-builder has therefore always been confronted by problems different and, in the main, more difficult than those of other countries. It has forced him to build extremely narrow roads, and for centuries has given the waterways an immense superiority over the landways. The waterways have, in fact, been the primary ways, with land roads serving as feeders only.

The result of these different conditions is a heritage of obstacles for the modern Dutch road-builder. Imagine building modern motor roads, with the crown of the embankment 30 metres wide, through the heart of Venice. Multiply Venice to the size of 12,700 square miles, with a population of 8,000,000; and then work out how to connect up all its centres of population and industry with roads suited to fast motor traffic. Over country offering that type of difficulty the Dutch engineers are at present building, or planning to build, some 4,340 miles of main roads, excluding over 3,500 miles of lesser roads. The main roads cost as much as from £22,000 to £40,000 the kilometre, and the complete plan will cost something in the neighbourhood of £30,000,000! For a country of the size and population of Holland it is a vast undertaking.

Dictators tell the world a great deal about what is accomplished in their respective countries. Against the catalogue of the mightiest, Holland, who takes it all as a matter of course, could make a pretty good showing. She drains the sea, converts sand and swamp alike into abundant gardens and pastures, and runs dead straight through miles of bog at over ninety miles an hour. Walking with an engineer along the high sand basis of the road between Gouda and Utrecht, with the sound of a score of engines pulsing in the air, and a small army of shirtless workmen banging, hauling, bracing along a mile of solid embankment, I said: "Some countries broadcast this kind of thing as evidence of their superiority. Why don't you?" "*Och!*" he replied, "I suppose we're too busy doing it to have much time for talking about it."

Modern Dutch road-building, at least in its unfinished state, gives an odd character to the landscape. In parts of the country, striding waste lands and green fields, with neither road nor canal in sight, are huge concrete bridges and viaducts, like relics of some remote civilisation. These bridges and viaducts have been built to carry super

Is Building Roads : Holland's Special Problems

highways over existing or projected secondary roads. The highways are coming gradually, mile by mile, to meet them. According to one of the engineers these structures are put down long before they are needed in order to fill in time during the endless and complicated negotiations with local authorities, landowners and peasants, through whose land the road must ultimately run.

For the construction of the new Hague-Amsterdam autostrada it was found necessary at one point to buy a strip of land 24 kilometres long and 50 metres broad, from no less than 137 different landowners. The difficulties were intensified by the necessity to run the road in such a course that the farmer's house was frequently cut off from his fields, and in some cases his house and his neighbour's fields were on one side, and his fields and his neighbour's house on the other. This sort of thing naturally brought about inordinate delays, and the successful conclusion of the Hague–Amsterdam super motor-road in 1938, after five years of struggling against boggy ground conditions, laggard municipalities, obstinate farmers, and a hard-pressed Treasury, is proof that persistence can, in the end, do just as much as dictatorial decree.

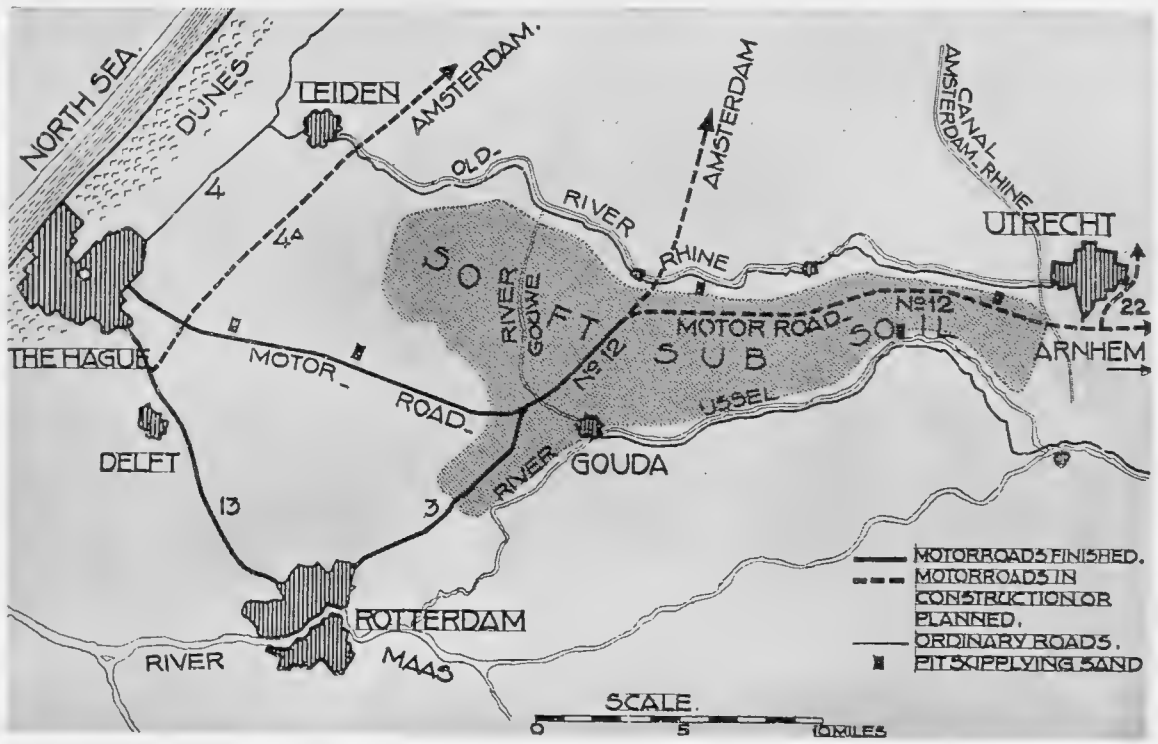
I have mentioned the isolated bridges and viaducts. Another odd feature of the Dutch landscape to-day is the great ridges of sand, like abandoned dykes, which rise unreasonably from the middle of some peaceful pasture and extend in an undeviating line through the polder to end as abruptly as they began. These ridges are the foundations for the autostrada. They are made to bear the weight of the super highway and its traffic, which otherwise would sink into the peaty subsoil, and to carry the great road high enough for minor roads and canals to be directed underneath.

Such ridges can be seen to-day along the path of the new super highway being built from The Hague to Utrecht and thence to Amsterdam in one direction, and to Arnhem in the other. On part of this road between The Hague and Utrecht 11,000,000 cubic yards of sand were required! Apart altogether from the laying down of this embankment, imagine the cost of transporting it to the road site. In this case, to have used river or dune sand would have involved such enormous expense that the legendary road of gold paving would have been quite cheap beside it. What they did was to buy up big sections of sand-bearing ground in the neighbourhood of the road and to extract the sand with specially-built dredges.

The sand is usually laid down on a base of fascine mattress, a preparation of brushwood fitted into a shallow ditch upon which the embankment comes to rest. The weight of the sand causes the mattress to sink below the level of the ground water, where it remains in good preservation at least until the subsoil is sufficiently compressed to bear unaided the weight of the embankment. The embankment of the road between The Hague and Utrecht is balanced by the weight of the compressed peat on both sides; but this compression forces the peat up to the surface, whereupon the balance is disturbed. The peat forced up is then removed and more sand is added to the embankment. The additional weight again forces the peat up, and again it is removed. Over and over again this process is repeated until at length a permanent equilibrium is achieved. And the end of it is a road like iron.

The sand-dredging and the laying-down of these high ridges are an extraordinary sight. One is reminded of Pharaohonic days, especially as in these days the Dutch Government uses man-power as much as possible in preference to machines. There is no technical reason for the use of this man-power. It is merely that the Government considers it wiser to spend the unemployment funds in constructive labour. It is thus possible to increase the number of men at work, and to meet part of the road costs out of funds which would otherwise be used for the payment of doles.

A MODERN DUTCH HIGHWAY CARRIED ABOVE THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY on a mighty embankment of sand that has been sunk deep into the boggy subsoil, and has there secured a position of stability. Through the highway being raised it is possible for minor roads and canals to be directed beneath, thus facilitating traffic flow



FROM THE HAGUE TO UTRECHT: A sketch map showing the course of the great new motor road. Much of the ground, it will be seen, is soft subsoil and this has necessitated the use of immense quantities of sand, as unless this had been sunk it would have been impossible to obtain stability for the road surface. *Below*—The approach to the Merwede bridge on the new road which has been built between Amsterdam and the German frontier

DEFENDERS OF LONDON:

Barrage Exercises on a Big Scale—The Lord Mayor and His Soldier Son—A Sperry Predictor in Action

WITH 25 PER CENT. OF ITS STRENGTH ALWAYS STANDING BY, London's Balloon Barrage Corps is having a strenuous summer. Last week, when intensive exercises were begun and over 100 balloons were put up in a day, Major-General the Earl of Athlone, who is honorary air commodore of one of the squadrons, carried out inspections at several of the war sites, and he is seen in this picture watching a winch in operation

EXPLAINING THE MYSTERIES OF A 3·7: Captain Ian Bowater, of the 51st London Regiment R.A. (T.A.), showing his father, Sir Frank Bowater, London's Lord Mayor, details of new guns at a military camp

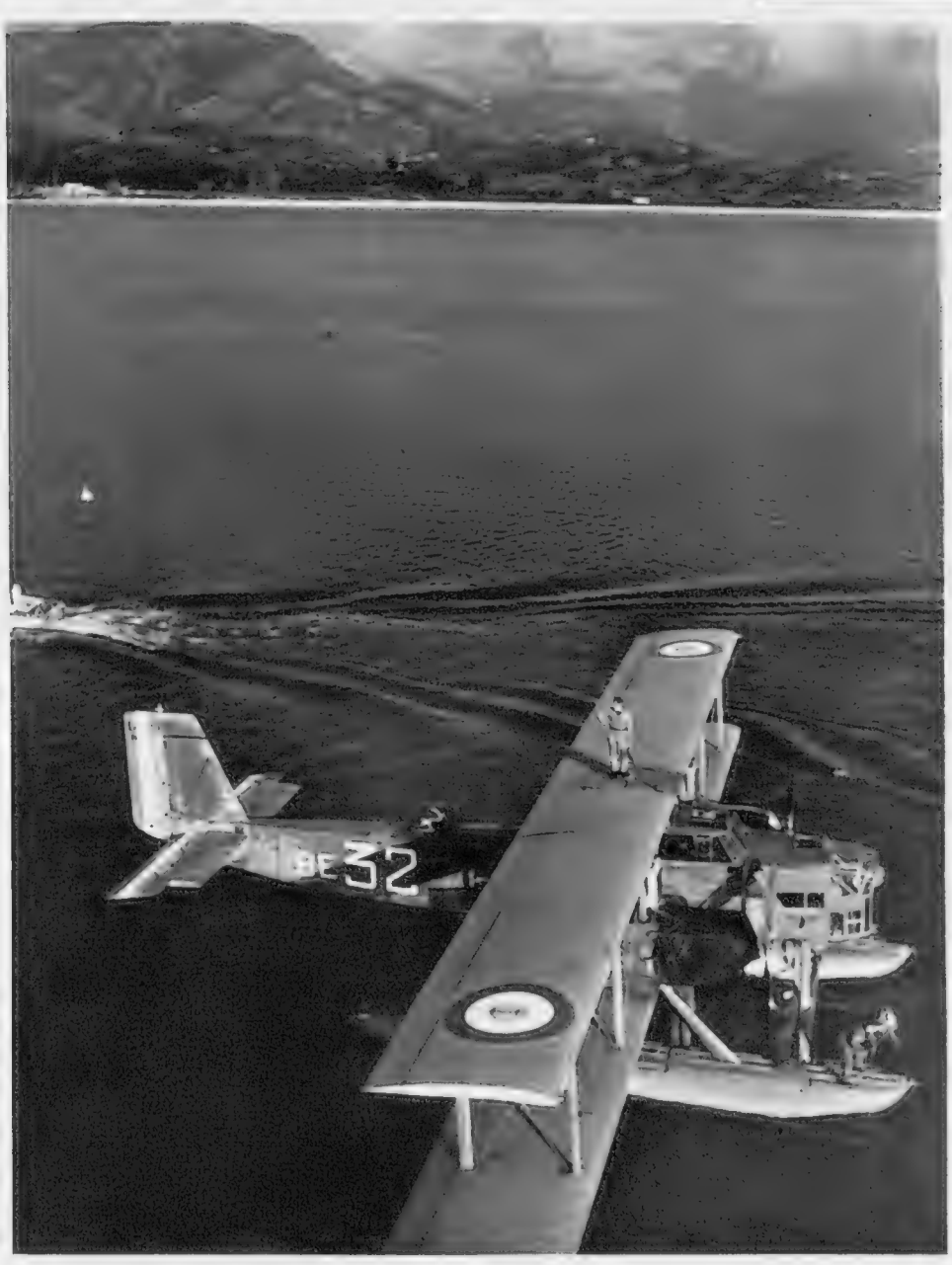
DOWN TO EARTH: A London barrage balloon is hauled on to the Horse Guards Parade at the close of a day's work. *On right*—A predictor team of a London anti-aircraft unit using a Sperry predictor in one of the parks. The Sperry can be lined up to four 3·7 guns, furnishing them from second to second with the required future bearing and elevation of an attacking plane. The fuse number is given at the same time

ASPRETTO:

Corsica's Important New Air Base

VITALLY PLACED: Two of the great hangars at Aspretto, the new French flying base which has been built opposite Ajaccio, Corsica's capital, and undoubtedly adds greatly to France's potential striking power in the Mediterranean. Most of the planes at Aspretto are of amphibian type

FROM SHORE TO SEA: How the seaplanes at Aspretto are craned into the water before setting out on a practice flight. As the base is well protected by a mole the machines can ride the water in any weather and taking-off operations are thus facilitated



THE CONTROL TOWER AT ASPRETTO: The building from which the movements of the amphibians are directed during practice flights. *On left*—A machine moored off Aspretto. The air-base is up to date in every way and, in addition to five repair shops, offers excellent quarters for the men stationed there

THE POLISH WOMEN'S LEGIO

BRINGING IN A CASUALTY: A young member of the Polish Women's Legion practising Red Cross drill at the Legion's headquarters at Lwow (Lemberg), formerly the capital of Austrian Poland. The Legion came into being in 1919-20 during the war with Russia, the women playing a sterling part in saving the re-born Republic from what seemed certain collapse. To-day the force is stronger than ever

WHEN GREAT DECISIONS ARE MADE: A picture taken at the annual reunion of past members of the Polish Women's Legion who come to Lwow to discuss with the present leaders what programme shall be followed for the ensuing year. To-day the Legion concentrates on Red Cross work and such-like activities, but during the desperate days of 1919-20 the women worked the guns, performing the most heroic deeds

ON: A Force Born of the Republic's Desperate Fight to Keep Its New Liberties in 1919-20

On right—YOUNG OFFICERS OF THE LEGION who of recent months have had a full-time job training the hosts of recruits who have flocked to join the service in view of the threat to Poland's safety. The uniforms of the officers differ in colour in order to denote the various ranks which they hold. They all wear simply cut, plain dark skirts

On left—THE RECRUITS LINE UP: Youthful members of the Polish Women's Legion on parade at the Legion headquarters in Lwow. It was in this city of south-east Poland that the Legion came into being in 1919-20 when Alekandra Zagorska rallied the local women to help defy the oncoming Russians

A WELL-DRILLED SQUAD with one of the younger officers. A typical parade of the Women's Legion, which has carved for itself such a proud name in the annals of Poland, and is now ready, if need be, to go on active service again to defend the integrity of Poland's boundaries. The Legionnaires would not be called upon for actual fighting except in cases of extreme urgency, but in the event of war they would at once fulfil a host of important functions behind the lines.

Picture by A. B. Beattie

"DOWN WHERE THE RUSHING WATERS GLEAM"

An inspiringly beautiful aspect of the King's deer forest in Glen Callater, Braemar, where His Majesty will doubtless see considerable sport during the coming weeks. The Royal Family arrived at Balmoral on August 1 and are now enjoying a well-earned holiday

A burn in the red hills of Skye viewed from a point above Loch Slapin. The picture was taken by Frank Smythe, the well-known mountaineer, who has so many fine Himalayan feats to his credit

THE GRANDEUR OF SKYE

"A Break in the Storm." Another fine picture by Frank Smythe, revealing the beauty and grandeur of mountainous Skye. In the background rises one of the peaks of the Coolin Hills

The King and Queen and the Princesses responding to the cheers of the crowd as they left Ballater en route for Balmoral at the start of their annual holiday on Deeside. Meanwhile Queen Mary has gone to Sandringham, and the Duke and Duchess of Kent are holiday-making on the Continent

THE KING GOES NORTH

The King, accompanied by Captain J. V. Bailey, as he inspected the Guard of Honour of the 2nd Battalion the Royal Scots Fusiliers, on arrival at Ballater en route for Balmoral. The Royal Family arrived at the Castle on August 1 and will spend the rest of the summer there

WAR ON THE GROUSE

Some Facts and Figures About One of Britain's Costliest Sports

By NOEL THOMPSON

FIRST of all I want to nail to the mast-head of this article that the King is in real truth one of the finest grouse shots in the country. As a journalist I must confess to using that description of His Majesty on several occasions without a complete knowledge of where the information originated. I considered it a pardonable, though probably accurate, euphemism. Eight years ago, the Duchess of York, as she then was, said to me, "I believe he is a fine shot." This was at Ballater, when her husband was out on the moors and she was looking after the children at Birkhall on the Balmoral estate.

Only recently have I received any more detailed confirmation. A few days before the King left for Scotland he called to collect his guns, to which a minor alteration had been made. Like a wise man he went down to a shooting ground to try his guns and get a little practice. An expert who was watching him says, "He was in magnificent form, and is undoubtedly one of the six best shots in the country." And this is an opinion I can trust and rely on.

I have been delving into this subject of grouse, or to give the bird its full name, never to be seen on the menu, *lagopus Scoticus*, the only bird whose species is peculiar to the British Isles. Relatives can be found elsewhere, in Scandinavia, Siberia, Newfoundland, and America, but the grouse we shoot and eat are too lazy to fly there.

Shooting is not a cheap sport, nor are the weapons with which the birds are shot. A first-class pair of guns will set you back to the extent of probably £250, or guineas. But what value! Every detail of these guns is hand-made. The art goes from father to son, and with it the pride of the craftsman. It may be that the craft of the bowmakers of old inspired it.

I talked with one first-class shot who is using the guns which his father bought in 1900, "and I would not change them for the Mint," he told me. They are almost as good as new after thirty-eight years of constant use. The beautiful engraving, the perfection of balance, the accuracy of fire are the same as ever. I talked with an expert at Holland and Hollands, one of half a dozen outstanding firms of gunsmiths, whose names are world famous. He told me that he knows of guns that are being used by the third generation now.

"Firing them does not cause deterioration. Rust is the only thing to cause damage, so that if you look after the guns properly you never need worry in your lifetime." And this is no boast. There are guns bought thirty years ago which will fetch £40 each in the market now, as compared with the £65 they cost originally. In fact recently a pair of guns sold for more than their original price! And this after thirty-five years of use. So that really good guns are an investment.

You can have a gun engraved with your name in silver, with a crest, or with special pictures, such as one Indian potentate required. He wanted the Taj Mahal and the War Memorial at Delhi, as well as the picture of a temple, and these were faithfully reproduced by the British craftsman. Such details add little to the cost.

The main cost is the magnificent workmanship. Remember every shot fired gives an impact of 3 tons. Where this impact dissolves itself is a mystery to me because no shoulder could stand it, and yet properly balanced, gun well gripped, the sportsman does absorb nearly 2 tons of shock. That is why the gun must be close to the shoulder. One shot in a loose grip will "blue" the shoulder.

So much for the gun. Now for the cartridges, which will cost anything up to a guinea a hundred. One out of ten cartridges "blow out," "scatter," or "ball"—that is bunch together and blow the bird to pieces—but this year is going to see a new cartridge, suitably named the "Royal," which, owing to re-armament, will cost a guinea a hundred. Official tests have proved that this new cartridge does not bunch and gives increased range and accuracy. A zinc lining is one of the secrets—and I pass this information on because Hollands consider it revolutionary, and anything revolutionary in grouse shooting is news.

What about the birds themselves this year? On the whole the prospects are good, especially in Scotland, both for the birds and the guns. For the birds, because many moors are unlet. The Americans are not over here in such force, and still less are the French and Belgians who in previous years have made up syndicates to take moors. And home defence has made many people unable to consider attacking the grouse.

But, unfortunately, that will mean only a few months extra life for the grouse because they will die of starvation next spring owing to overcrowding, unless local residents and inhabitants can be persuaded to thin them out by some rough shooting.

For the guns the prospects are good because the nesting season and the weather were, for once, both excellent, so that birds are plentiful, especially on the higher moors in Scotland. In certain parts of England there has been disease. One moor owner told me that only a few days ago his head keeper had picked up over 200 dead birds in one day, nothing but skin and bone.

In other words, disease usually means starvation. The experts can argue it out, but in brief this is the position. Grouse thrive on heather. They eat the shoots, flowers and seed of ling heather and the flowers of bell heather. Sometimes the heather beetle kills the heather and the birds starve. Or the birds may catch an infectious germ which spreads rapidly through the heather. Or the weather may kill the young shoots of heather, or drown the young birds—in fact it beats me how the birds survive at all and why.

Perhaps their next favourite food forms a consolation, the bilberries, the Scottish cranberries, the bearberries, the crowberries or crakeberries, and the cloudberries, to say nothing of bog myrtle, creeping willow, cotton grass, sorrel seeds and heath rush. But in normal months 97 per cent. of the food comes from heather.

So that if there are too many birds left on a moor there will be a shortage of food next year, and if there are too few there may not be enough to raise families, and the weather may kill them; and if not enough of the moor is burned there will be too few new heather shoots and if too much is burned there will not be enough cover for raising the family, and altogether I am a great admirer of a grouse moor keeper and consider that he earns the £1 a day tip which a guest should give him for the sport he provides. Especially as throughout the year his salary is probably only between £2 and £3 a week and he has an enormous area to look after.

Aeroplanes disturb the grouse, and now the pylons have come along hundreds are killed every week through flying into the wires. Still, as I say, this year looks like being a very good year, so that nature must have done a bit of extra compensation.

Now for the actual shooting. It would be impossible to name all the good shots, but two I know are outstanding, Mr. James P. Louden, of Scotland, and, strangely enough considering our insular jokes about Continental sport, a Belgian, Baron de Vinck.

The speed of a grouse approaching you with the wind behind is between 60 and 70 miles an hour. (N.B. At the beginning of the season they come in coveys or, roughly, families. Later they come in packs, sixty to a hundred strong, which means that all the relations have joined up.)

August 12 arrives, the great day. The keeper has, with Scottish caution, estimated that the birds are "no' so bad" because keepers are by nature not given to optimistic utterances, for fear of later disappointment. A syndicate may have taken the moor for the first fortnight. For this they will have paid probably about £100 a head each, and will club together a £20 tip for the keeper.

The first beat starts—for driving is the common rule nowadays, rather than walking the birds up with the dog. Possibly in the butts the midges are hard at work—I have a recorded instance of one drive where not a single bird was shot. Every man was too busy scratching his midge bites, for smoking in the butts is forbidden. But we hope, for the first drive, to escape.

Unlike partridge shooting, which the grouse shot declares is more like snap shooting, as the birds rocket over a wood or hedge, the grouse can

(*Continued on page 260*)

BATTLE ART THROUGH THE CENTURIES

A Notable Exhibition of Historic Pictures Now on View in Warsaw

THE BATTLE OF CZESTOCHOWA: This fine painting by Henry Pillati is included in an exhibition, now being held in Warsaw, of Battle Art through the Centuries and it is arousing the keenest interest. During the Swedish invasion in the 17th century Czestochowa monastery was attacked and it was then that the priests, led by Prior Kordecki, who is seen standing on the battlements, came out to defend the place. The monastery is to-day a great goal of pilgrimage

"PRAYING KOSYNIERS": Polish insurrectionists, of the volunteer army organised in 1793 by Kosciuszko, praying before joining battle in the fight for freedom against the Russians. As the men had no weapons they straightened out their scythes. The picture is in the Warsaw Exhibition of Battle Art

THE WINGED HUSSARS ATTACK AT THE BATTLE OF VIENNA: Here Stanislaw Batowski depicts a famous incident in Polish history when in 1683 John Sobieski led his men against the Turks and brought to an end their westward drive through Europe. With these wings attached to their uniforms the Hussars took on a wholly terrifying aspect, the Turks turning tail before them

On left—
THE FIGHT TO SAVE LEMBERG FOR POLAND is the subject of this fine battle picture by Stanislaw Batowski. Polish independence was acknowledged on November 11, 1918, but a month or so later the Ukrainians rose in revolt and it was only by the most strenuous efforts that they were prevented from seizing this great city of the south-east

THE SIMPLE BEAUTY OF ISLAMIC POTTERY

Finds From Iran Displayed in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

THE 1937 Iranian Expedition, sponsored by the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, resulted in a wealth of ceramic finds from Nishapur which greatly enrich the museum's collection of early Islamic pottery.

Practically all these recently-found treasures are of eighth and tenth century workmanship, and there is a direct simplicity and skill in their decoration which indicates that this particular district yielded some of the best ceramic work in Iran at this period.

A BLACK AND WHITE GLAZED BOWL FROM TEPPAH: One of the many treasures brought to light by the Iranian Expedition of 1937 and now specially displayed in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

The fantastic animal-headed ewer is without doubt one of the outstanding finds; made from a fine-textured buff clay, peculiar to Nishapur, the vessel is richly decorated with coloured motifs. Bright green horns, which have been partially restored, curl up from the creature's head. The lower part of the ewer is decorated with buff ovals on a dull purple background, some of the ovals being decorated with words written in Kirfic.

From the position in which it was found, this fascinating piece of early Muhammadan pottery is proved to be even older than the tenth century.

A POLYCHROME EWER FROM SABZ PUSHAN: Another find made during the highly profitable expedition to Iran in 1937. It is also in the Metropolitan Museum of Art

Dating from probably a century earlier comes a very beautiful bowl of brown, yellow and green striped glazed ware peculiar to the Tang period in China. The simple spontaneity of the scratched design recalls Sasanian or Hellenistic ornament at its best. Fragments of this particular ware have been found in profusion not only in Nishapur but all over the rest of Iran, Mesopotamia, Turkestan and western India. Whilst, however, these relics are usually decorated with meaningless scratchings or uninteresting graffiato or diaper patterns, here we have an example where the drawing is a thing of simple beauty and adequate decoration.

Another, entirely different, type of pottery of the late ninth or early tenth century is that of a smooth white finish boldly decorated with striking black figures and Arabic writing. Arabian caligraphy lends itself readily to adaptation for design, and the potteries of this period have undoubtedly distinguished themselves with the astonishing variety of patterns they produced from this particular source.

Two of these examples are shown here, the first a bowl with a bird in the centre, and Allah written in diminishing letters which finish in an ornamental flourish; the second is decorated with rather rigid spare writing, which certainly gives a telling impression of elegant design rather than one of writing.

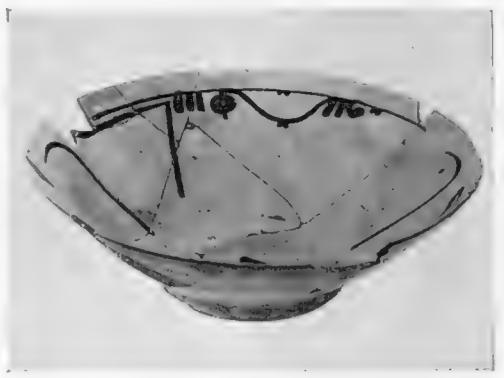
The third piece also comes from the village of Teppah, where the bird bowl was discovered. This is a large, gleaming-white bowl charmingly decorated with an all-over spot pattern of black and red hearts.

Several other equally interesting treasures have come to light after their ten centuries interment.

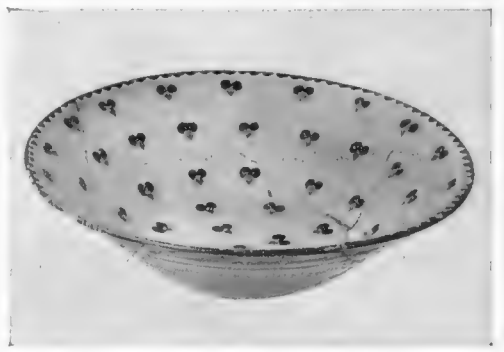
It is remarkable that although there are countless fragments of the mottled late Tang-type ware, and the black and white ware, the expedition has obtained so few even approximately complete specimens.

Let us hope that their next season's excavations may yield even more exciting records of the past.

Iris Brooke



AFTER TEN CENTURIES BENEATH THE GROUND: A beautiful black and white bowl found in fragments at Sabz Pushan and now pieced together



AN ELEGANT DESIGN on a red, black and white glazed bowl unearthed from the old village of Teppah

NAVAL AND MERCANTILE: The "Pasteur" Completed—The "Juruena" Launched for Brazil—Admiral Ollive Pays a Call on Malta

FRANCE COMPLETES A NEW LUXURY LINER: The *Pasteur* watched by a large crowd and attended by tugs as she arrived at her home port of Le Havre. She sets out on her maiden voyage next month. She has been built at St. Nazaire and will help maintain the express service between France and South America. Like many of the large, modern liners the *Pasteur* has only one funnel, but some may incline to the view that it has been placed rather too far forward to be really sightly

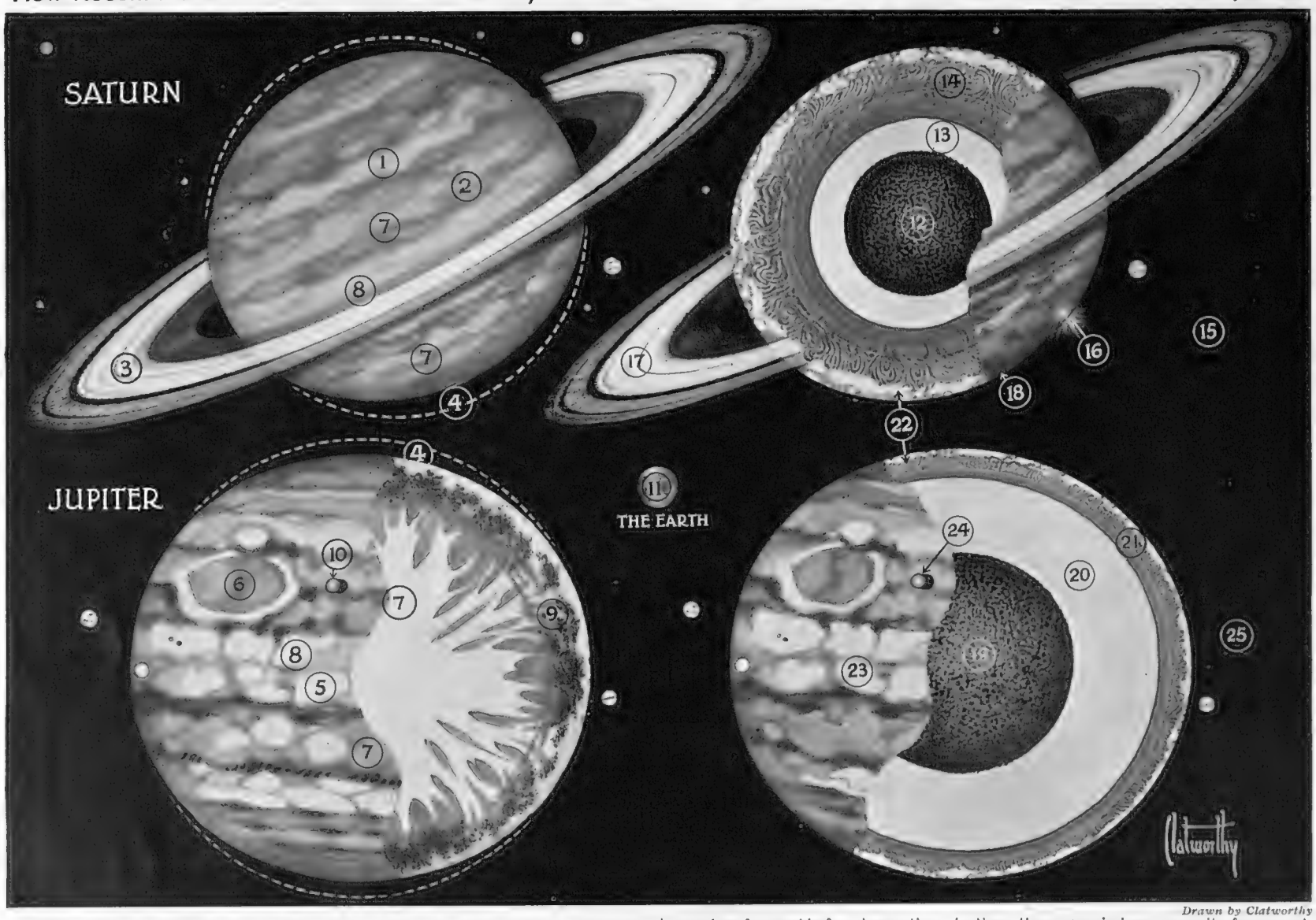
LAUNCHING A DESTROYER FOR THE BRAZILIAN NAVY: *Left*—Senhora Heitor Galliez, who deputised for the wife of the Brazilian Labour Minister, releasing the *Juruena* from the slipway at Messrs. Thornycroft's yard at Woolston, and (*right*) the *Juruena* entering the water. She is one of six warships, all of the same class, which are being built in Britain for Brazil. At a luncheon following the launch Sir John Thornycroft referred to the long-standing friendship between the two countries

A BOON TO SHIP LOVERS: Since this board was presented to New York, strollers in Battery Park, Manhattan, no longer have to guess at the identity of passing ships. The board gives details of all the largest vessels due to dock or sail on each particular day and shows how they may be recognised

FRENCH WARSHIPS VISIT MALTA: The *Provence* (left), flying the flag of Admiral Ollive, Commander-in-Chief of the French Mediterranean Fleet, about to moor in the Grand Harbour beside the British battleship *Warspite* when she arrived on a courtesy visit to the base on July 27. She was accompanied by the destroyers *Tartu*, *Chevalier Paul*, and *Vauquelin*. During the course of their two days stay the French officers engaged in a series of important talks with the British officers

JUPITER AND SATURN REVEAL NEW SECRETS

How Recent Astronomical Researches Clearly Indicate that the Giant Planets Are Not Hot, But Extremely Cold



Drawn by Clatworthy

A COMPLETE VOLTE-FACE has recently taken place in the world of astronomy as a result of researches that tend to show that the great planets, previously thought to be hot and luminous, are really extremely cold, Jupiter having a temperature varying round 135 deg. C. and Saturn a temperature varying round 220 deg. C. In this diagram, specially made for "The Sphere," the left-hand portion shows the hot conception of Jupiter and Saturn, while the right-hand portion illustrates the cold conception as revealed by the new facts that have come to light. The old and the new evidence are set out in the key given below. Similar conditions apply to Uranus and Neptune, but being smaller and even more distant, they are less favourable for observation. In them the ammonia becomes quite frozen out, and the methane, in turn, near to condensation. It is very difficult to envisage the behaviour of matter under such extreme conditions, or to reproduce it in miniature in the laboratory, and there is still no unambiguous explanation of the very troubled nature and marked zonings of the colossal atmospheric envelopes of these mighty ice-bound presumed derelicts, nor of such semi-permanent phenomena as the Great Red Spot on Jupiter, which has now been observed to fade or intensify through several centuries, nor of the unique film of rings which makes Saturn the most beautiful object to be discerned anywhere in the heavens, nor yet of their remarkable colorations

OLD EVIDENCE

1. *Substance lighter than any other planet, surface very turbulent, with shifting belts and spots, consistent with gaseous character, and great heat.*

2. *Surface currents of 900 m.p.h. too powerful to be caused by solar energy; internal heat could account for them.*

3. *Rings believed to be meteoric matter, or streams of ionised particles similar to electrons radiated from the sun.*

4-4. *Very flattened poles consistent with gaseous character and very fast spin (equatorial speed of Saturn 28,300 m.p.h., of Jupiter 22,000 m.p.h.).*

5. *Density similar to the sun: about 1·4 times water.*

6. *The Great Red Spot, 20,000 miles long, suggests enormous local heat; and may be a vortex as in sun.*

7-7. *Most disturbed belts occur in same latitudes as in sun.*

8-8. *Exceptionally bright appearance believed to be due to incandescence.*

9. *Great activity and varying speeds of rotation at surface—unparalleled on earth—suggest ejection of gaseous material or vapours from slower interior to consolidate in cooler outer layers, as in sun.*

10. *Some satellites, though unusually bright, show dark against the planet in transit.*

11. *The earth to the same scale; is also much less bright.*

NEW EVIDENCE

12. *Rocky core 28,000 miles in diameter.*

13. *Ice 6,000 miles deep.*

14. *Atmosphere 16,000 miles deep. Has less ammonia and more methane than Jupiter's. Its weight about equals that of core. The planet is only seven-tenths as dense as water, rather more than new-fallen snow.*

15. *Smaller satellites less dense than snow.*

16. *Occulted star disappears slowly, proving transparency to a considerable depth. Ultra-violet and infra-red photographs penetrating envelope to different depths cannot reveal any stable surface.*

17. *Rings formed of countless minute particles leave an occulted star almost undimmed. The dark inner film is too delicate to cast a shadow.*

18. *Most oblate shape of the planets due to comparative smallness of more rigid core.*

19. *Rocky core, 44,000 miles in diameter.*

20. *Ice 16,000 miles deep.*

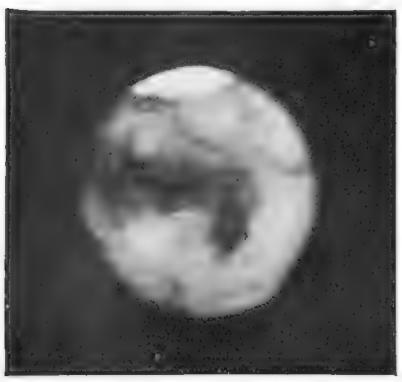
21. *Atmosphere 6,000 miles deep. Pressure at the bottom is more than 1,000 times earth's, and enough to solidify even the permanent gases. A density of ·78 rules out everything except helium, hydrogen, hydrocarbons, methane and ethane. Large quantities of free hydrogen and helium are essential. Ammonia and methane account for all absorption lines in the spectra of both planets. These could not be associated except where ample hydrogen is present. Total thickness of ammonia amounts to about 30 ft.*

22. *Clouds may be droplets of liquid ammonia, or small crystals, for this substance must be near condensation point.*

23. *Very bright surface reflects much sunlight and heat back into space.*

24. *Black shadow of satellite not possible if planet incandescent.*

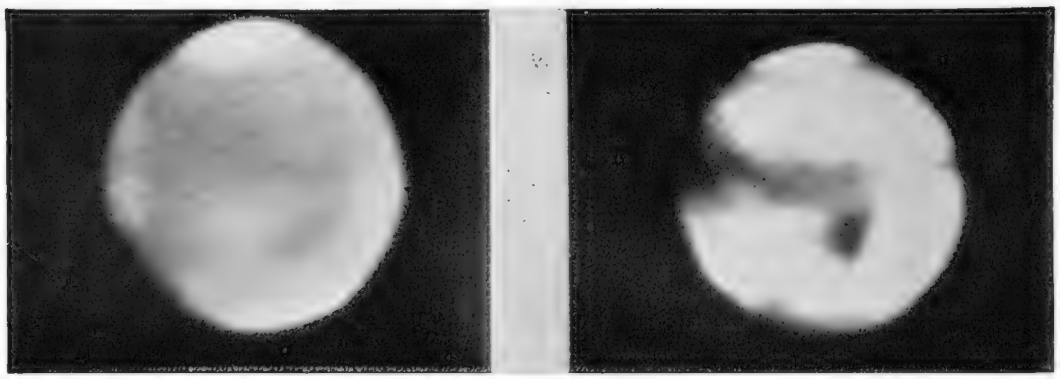
25. *Behaviour of satellites suggests planet is strongly condensed towards its centre.*



MARS SEEN THROUGH THE TELESCOPE OF LICK OBSERVATORY: A picture taken from Mount Hamilton, California, when the planet was within 36,000,000 miles of the earth on July 27

MARS LOOMS LARGE

Within 36,000,000 Miles of the Earth



THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY: Two views of Mars taken from Lick Observatory. *Above* is an ultra-violet photograph showing the planet's atmospheric conditions and *on the right* is an infra-red photograph showing the solid surface.

Conditions for the observation of Mars were not good in the northern hemisphere on July 27, and as a consequence most of the observing was done from Bloemfontein. Mars will be fairly near in 1941 and the Lick Observatory is planning to make extensive records

TO DISAPPEAR FROM THE FACE OF LONDON: This is Paul's Bakehouse Court, a picturesque piece of the city, in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's, which is to be demolished in order to make way for the final extensions to the vast buildings constituting Faraday House, headquarters of London Telecommunications. The house in the centre, which has of recent years been occupied by a well-known firm of architects, is said to have been used at one time by the Admiralty and to have had intimate associations with Nelson

LONDON'S EVER CHANGING FACE

Picturesque Old Buildings in the City Fall into the Housebreakers' Hands

(Drawings by Dennis Flanders)

A FURTHER wholesale alteration is about to take place in the heart of the City, near St. Paul's (writes Dennis Flanders). A large block of beautiful old houses forming a rectangle bounded by Knightrider Street, Godliman Street, Carter Lane and Bell Yard, are to be demolished to make way for the next and final stage of the extensions of the vast buildings constituting Faraday House, the headquarters of "London Telecommunications." Under this scheme, a portion of Knightrider Street and the whole of Bell Yard and Paul's Bakehouse Court will entirely disappear from the face of London.

Among the doomed buildings is all that is left of Doctors Commons, the Faculty Office for Marriage Licences. This reminds us that it was almost exactly 100 years ago, when the Law Courts were built, that the Court of Probate Act did away with the Courts that were comprised by Doctors Commons —the Court of Arches, the Prerogative Court, the Court of Faculties and Dispensations, the Consistory Court of the Bishop of London and the High Court of Admiralty. Charles Dickens was articled there when he was only eighteen, later renting an office as a professional shorthand writer in No. 5, Bell Yard. This is almost exactly behind the centre house in the drawing of Paul's Bakehouse Court.

Many of these houses still have their original interior decorations. No. 15, Knightrider Street has a beautiful drawing-room with an Adams ceiling and ceiling piece by Angelica Kauffman. It is used as a showroom by a city merchant. Several other houses are beautifully panelled and moulded.

The drawing of Paul's Bakehouse Court shows, in the centre, a house including a room with a domed skylight. This house is said to have had intimate associations with Nelson. It is now the offices of Messrs. Joseph, the architects who designed the Shell-Mex building.

On right—
DOOMED: Every building in this block bounded on the left by Knightrider Street and on the right by Godliman Street is to be demolished in connection with the Faraday House extension scheme. Exactly on the corner is the old Faculty Office for Marriage Licences, while the alleyway seen behind the cart in the background leads to Paul's Bakehouse Court, which forms the subject of the drawing at the top of this page

SOUTH LONDONERS ARE DISTURBED at the prospect of this old doorway being demolished. It is at 4, Green Dragon Court, Borough Market, a building that has been empty for some time and which, it is feared, may possibly give place to a modern property

LONDON'S NEW PROVISION EXCHANGE: The exterior of the premises which were opened last month at No. 1, London Bridge, by Mr. Oliver Stanley. It is in keeping with the typical office style now permeating the city

A BRIGHT LONDON COMEDY: Robert Beatty, Hugh McDermott, Billie Ryan, and Billie Quist in *Grouse in June*, the play by N. C. Hunter which has just been transferred from the Criterion to the New Theatre and appears to be settling down into one of the successes of the year. Allied with charm and good looks, Billie Ryan has pronounced acting ability. By all accounts there will be plenty of parts waiting for her when she needs them

THERE IS A SPATE OF SPY FILMS AT THE MOMENT and most of them reach a high standard. One of the best is *The Spy in Black*, which was presented last week at the Odeon, Leicester Square, and stars Conrad Veidt, who takes the part of Captain Hardt, naval officer and agent of a foreign power. *Left*—Captain Hardt disguised as a parson. *Above*—Sebastian Shaw as Lieutenant Ashington and Valerie Hobson as the School Mistress, the couple who foil Hardt in his designs against the British fleet. *Below*—Hardt on the bridge of the captured ferryboat

ENGLISH ACTING IS TOO SEDATE

OVER the proscenium of the old auditorium of the Haymarket Theatre, which I remember as a schoolboy, were the words "*Summa ars est celare artem*" ("The highest art is to conceal art"). That is an apt motto for what was then known as "the comedy theatre of the world." Only veteran playgoers can have seen the Bancrofts there, and I do not doubt they acted up to, as well as under, those wise words. But I did see at the Haymarket (and, heaven be thanked, at many other theatres) Charles Hawtrey, superb in a not very superb play entitled *The Indecision of Mr. Kingsbury*.

Hawtrey was the finest example the English stage can boast of the art which conceals art, and I was delighted to see that my revered colleague, Mr. James Agate, the other day quoted a eulogy of that polished actor written by an expert who, it was stated, is even now under thirty and who, since Hawtrey died in 1923, must have been precociously observant in his theatre-going.

It was the habit of some of the less expert to say of Hawtrey that "of course, he doesn't act at all; he is just himself." Others said that "he underacted, but had so charming a personality that it didn't matter." Both those statements are profoundly and irritatingly untrue. Hawtrey (and there are other accomplished light comedians, both living and of the past, who could be placed in the same category) was a most meticulous and painstaking actor, which does not alter the fact that he was a bit of a genius, even if that hackneyed tag about an infinite capacity, etc., does back up my point. His triumph was that he *appeared* to be not acting, whereas every apparently casual little gesture—flicking away cigar-ash, touching his necktie, crossing or uncrossing his legs, and so forth—was carefully thought out, timed to a split second, and its possible effect weighed.

As to the equally absurd suggestion that he underacted, Hawtrey neither overacted nor underacted; he just *acted*, perfectly and completely, and was a consummate master of his art. He had the sense—genius, if you like—to keep the intricacies of that art to himself and never to let the public see the wheels go round. *Summa ars est* . . .

But the art of Hawtrey was comedy and only a section, therefore, of the art of acting as a whole. In comedy, though one should never be guilty of actual understatement, what seems to be understatement may in truth be a very subtle piece of work, though it needs a master to handle it. When we come to tragedy we are on entirely different ground and our young English tragedians of to-day (if there are any) had better not trouble themselves about that old Haymarket motto. The unfortunate thing is that so many of them *are* troubling themselves about it, or, if they have never heard of the words, are following a very similar line. I am no moaner about the present condition of the stage nor do I think that everything that is virtuous about the British drama came to a stop with a jerk when Henry Irving died. But I do say that tragedy to-day is both underrated and understated.

In the first place we see far too little of it. Putting musical entertainments on one side, London theatres are for the most part occupied either with farces and frothy little light comedies or with detective and gangster stuff. The latter may be serious enough, for, after all, there is something pretty serious about death although there are frequent attempts to give it a funny side and to evolve that damnable and boring contradiction in terms known as a "comedy thriller." But in none of them can be found the nobility of tragedy, that aspect of it which Aristotle had in mind when he spoke of "a purging of the passions." There is only one true tragedy running in London to-day—*Of Mice and Men*. Its 100 per cent. American flavour and its sordid atmosphere do not deter from its "nobility"; for neither the flavour nor the sordidness is of policemen and of unravelling some murder or other, invented merely for the display of ingenious sleuth-houndery.

The play has a powerful and very human theme, and it is brilliantly acted by players who know how to restrain themselves when restraint is demanded. What is more important, they know when, and how, to let themselves go.

Which brings me to my main point. So few of our actors and actresses of to-day *let themselves go*. Perhaps they cannot. Perhaps they will not. It is true that they do not. That they have, for reasons I have indicated, but few opportunities of doing so is an explanation of sorts, but it is no excuse. When the material is to hand they shrink from it.

Even Shakespearean tragedy is approached in a semi-apologetic fashion, as if a display of the rage

If Actors and Actresses "Let It Rip" Occasionally the London Stage Would Benefit Enormously

Says PHILIP PAGE

of Lear, the wrath of Coriolanus, or the frenzied grief of Hamlet were something of which to be slightly ashamed. That is why, although we have nowadays plenty of adequate, and a few more than adequate, Shakespearean productions, it is years since we have had a notable one.

Edmund Kean's Richard III, Irving's Hamlet, and even Lewis Waller's Henry V (matinee idol or no) instantly became famous throughout the English-speaking world. Does anything of the kind happen now? It does not. The reason is, not only because we have not giants of the Kean and Irving calibre (though we have some very good actors) but because our actors do not, for the most part, approach their job in the same frame of mind. They are so obsessed with the dread of overstatement that they understate. They are frightened, and their fear is not, I feel, so much lest they should give a bad performance as lest they should be considered "ham" actors. Now a "ham" actor is not necessarily a bad actor; he is an actor who, to put it colloquially, "bungs it across," as did the old barnstormers. In 1939 there are no barns to storm, which is, perhaps, rather a pity.

Some years ago London was electrified by Signor Grasso and his Sicilian players. They did extraordinary things (bit each other in the neck, for one), but they did—well, electrify. This year we have had a company of Jewish players at the Garrick Theatre. There was, to put it mildly, no undue restraint about them, and I found them extraordinarily refreshing in consequence. They were of the old school.

I would sooner watch actors of the old school than of the old school tie and awfully-bad-form-to-show-too-much-emotion type. I would sooner see overacting than underacting.

If I were asked, which is not likely, to give advice to a company of young players, I would do so in three words, "Let it rip!"

"A Girl Must Live" (Film).—Recently I mentioned the scarcity of intelligent British films. They are still as rare as fine days in a British summer, but *A Girl Must Live* (New Gallery) is assuredly one of them. It is nonsensically frivolous, but it is possible to have intelligent nonsense and intelligent frivolity. It is loaded, and even overloaded, with sex-appeal; but the process has been carried out with intelligence, although in itself that is a matter rather for instinct and animalism—if I may be forgiven for alluding in such fashion to the very important part of the film which is looked after by those alluring creatures, Miss Lilli Palmer and Miss Renée Houston.

Miss Palmer I have known for some time as a delightfully clever young actress whose fate it has usually been to appear in execrably poor plays, though she had a goodish break in her last one, *Little Ladyship*. Miss Houston I have seen of late mainly as a music-hall turn, obviously full of brains and vivacity, and as pretty as a peach but not so silent; for she was given to ruining her performance, so far as I was concerned, by an irritating trick of pouring out a flow of Caledonian badinage, *sotto voce*, to the conductor of the orchestra and the occupants of the front row of the stalls.

Here she plays a chorus-girl (it is our old friend, a "back-stage" film) quite brilliantly, looks enchanting, of course, and doesn't chat with any conductor, because one can't do that when one is in a film.

Miss Palmer never surprises me by any of her feats of excellence for I am used to them. Here she, incidentally, shows us a sleep-walking scene which bears no sort of resemblance to that of Lady Macbeth, a relief for which your average film patron will probably feel much thanks.

The third chorus-girl is Miss Margaret Lockwood, who has to be the least flamboyant of the three but suggests that she could throw maiden modesty to the winds on very small provocation and challenge Miss Lilli and Miss Renée on their own exciting ground.

There are some naughtily witty lines, others that are witty without being naughty, and just a few which are naughty without being witty. Mr. David Burns, my favourite American gangsterish wise-cracker and a joy in many a play and revue, and Mr. Naunton Wayne, who has saved innumerable cabaret entertainments from disastrous boredom and here plays a pickpocket, are in the cast. So, too, is that mighty man of mirth, Mr. George Robey. Mr. Robey has in this case poor chances of being mirth-provoking.

My only other grouse concerning this excellent film is that in its advertisements this great entertainer's name should appear in tiny type. Since his fame is world-wide, this strikes me as bad business. It is certainly bad taste. If the explanation is that such is the custom in the film trade, the sooner that custom is changed, the better.

BEAUTY PARADES: Charming Corinne Luchaire (left), one of France's most popular stars and a favourite among London audiences, walking with Lord Stanley of Alderley and Mrs. James Forrestal at Deauville, where Lord Stanley has been entertaining on board his yacht. He played last week in the Anglo-French Inter-Parliamentary tennis match

A GIFTED SHAKESPEAREAN ACTRESS: Two studies of Vivienne Bennet who has been acting this year at Stratford-on-Avon, where she has played many of the leading feminine parts with great brilliance. *Left*—As Queen Elizabeth in *Richard III* and (*above*) in *The Comedy of Errors*. The drawings are the work of Veronica Haigh

THE COMEDY AS WELL AS THE HARDSHIP OF LIFE IN THE FOREIGN LEGION are interwoven in the theme of *Un de La Legion*, the film produced by Jean Jacque, which had its London premiere at the Curzon at the end of last month

"CAPTAIN GEORGE EYSTON," BY J. BLAIR-LEIGHTON: This striking study of the famous racing driver is to be shown at the forthcoming Exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters. In his hand Captain Eyston holds a blue-print, while a model of his record-breaking car is placed beside him on the table

The Petrol World

WHY SHOULD THE ENGINE ALWAYS BE IN FRONT?

A Question That May One Day Be Considered On Its True Merits

By A. PERCY BRADLEY
M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

LOOKING at the antiques which competed in the veteran car races at Brooklands on Bank Holiday last it is not difficult to appreciate that in those early days there was much more variety in design than there is to-day. Some had the engine under the bonnet, others amidships, and quite a number had the power unit right in the tail. Transmission systems also varied considerably. The propeller shaft and bevel-driven back axle as we know it to-day were in evidence, also chains and belts. To-day, design has settled down and the general layout from the engine to the power-driven wheels varies very little on any present-day car, whether it comes from this country or from abroad. It makes one wonder whether, as time progresses, this orthodox layout will ever be changed.

At first sight it does seem rather absurd to place an engine in the front of a car and then take the trouble to convey the power it creates to the back of the vehicle, and not only do that but turn it round, as it were, a 90 deg. bend. I think that any engineer who had had nothing to do with motor cars and who had never even seen one would, if he were asked to design an automobile, place the engine as close as he could to the driving wheels.

We have illustrations of power units being placed in front and the front wheels doing the driving. Likewise, there are examples of the engine being positioned at the rear and driving the back wheels in the usual manner. I can scarcely believe that, say, in fifty years time, if the necessary power to drive a car along the road is still being provided by a petrol engine that that unit will still be found right in front of the car as it is to-day. The engine will certainly be placed as close as possible to the wheels which it has to turn, and as speed in time to come will be much greater than at present the subject of streamlining will receive far more attention. To perfect the outside shape of the car which, of course, will be a saloon, a tapering tail will be the obvious place in which to position the power unit. We have had cars built to this design, but the orthodox layout still remains.

The trouble is that the buying public is conservative, and although it is interested in completely new and unorthodox designs it fights shy of handing out hard cash to acquire a car that is out of the ordinary. With the engine at the back, and other things being equal, a much quieter car should result. Also, as the number of parts and the amount of material for the chassis would be decreased, prices should be lower. Some day, I suppose, an enterprising manufacturer will produce such a car and I hope it will be fitted with a small 5- or 6-h.p. engine, for with a small power unit such as this, the advantages of the layout would show up more clearly.

These old cars, which still go so extraordinarily well, give the greatest joy to their owners and they are looked after in much the same way as thoroughbreds. Some of them disclose points of design which prove that some of the features which we see in our present-day cars are not as new as we thought. It is highly satisfactory that so many of these old warriors are not only in the land of the living but are to-day probably going better than in the days of their youth. This does not necessarily mean that they have been altered but can probably be accounted for by the fact that their present-day drivers are far more knowledgeable in mechanical matters than were their first owners. Much of the delay caused in a motoring journey thirty-five or forty years ago was caused by the inability of the driver to diagnose the cause of the breakdown.

Another subject for reflection with these veteran cars is their appearance. They were high built with short wheel bases and usually narrow tracks. As they were the direct descendants of horse-drawn vehicles it was only natural that these early specimens possessed these features. Saloons were practically unknown in those days although the very wealthy folk had limousines and landaulettes which were chauffeur driven. I do not think that the previous generation who drove these open cars were tougher than the present-day motorist, as their apparent love for the open air was more or less forced upon them.

In those days there was no such thing as a mechanical windscreen wiper with the result that in a saloon when it rained the windscreen had to be opened, for the raindrops reduced visibility to almost nil. Driving a saloon car with the windscreen wide open on a cold and rainy day was exceedingly unpleasant; in fact, it was preferable to sit in an open car quite unprotected. There were windscreen wipers operated by hand, but as might be imagined, they were not much in favour as their operation was extremely fatiguing. The introduction of the mechanical windscreen wiper was the principal factor in making the saloon type of coach-work popular. We look upon these early specimens as being distinctly quaint in appearance, and it makes one wonder whether the owners of cars in 1970 will consider our present up-to-date smart vehicles quaint-looking monstrosities.

AN AUSTIN TEN IN A COTSWOLD VILLAGE: This is a very roomy car, having a rear boot that accommodates seven cubic feet of luggage and the spare wheel. The Austin Ten is most economical to run

I was talking the other day to a foreigner who had never before been to England and who had brought over his car so as to tour round the country. It was after the first week-end on our roads that I happened to meet him and needless to say his impressions were exceedingly interesting. He was first puzzled as to why the military were looking after us so well on the roads directing the traffic and saluting him. I immediately tumbled to the fact that he had mistaken the R.A.C. guides and A.A. scouts as being a part of the army. When I explained to him that they were the uniformed staff of our two great motoring organisations which were run entirely by subscriptions he was astonished. I must confess I had not thought of the matter previously in the way that he looked at the position.

It is indeed strange to think that only a proportion of the motorists using the roads in this country support the two big motoring organisations and yet the servants of these organisations whom the members support act as traffic regulators to all who use the road. As my foreign friend remarked, this sort of traffic regulation should be the direct concern of the Government through the Ministry of Transport. If not, then all motorists and even perhaps all road users should be compelled to give financial support to this very valuable service. It is further remarkable that the motoring organisations should be the bodies that signpost our roads. Here again the Ministry of Transport should be directly responsible. Apparently they only go so far as designing the signposts and then leave it to others to manufacture and erect them. It is truly a remarkable position and it is by no means surprising that a foreigner who sees nothing like it in his own country, and probably never will, is completely mystified with the position here.

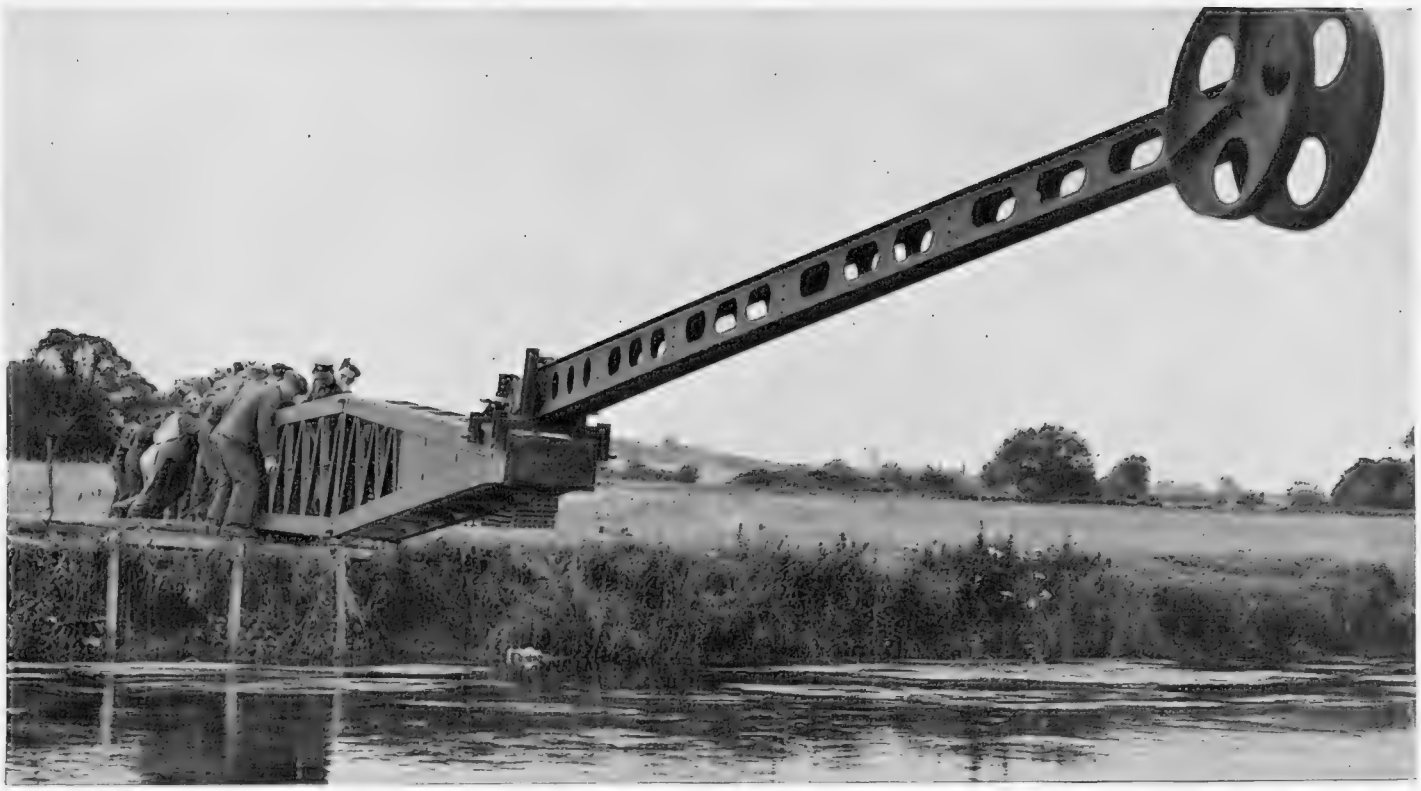
A few Sundays ago the Prescott International Hill Climb took place. It was a most enjoyable, well-organised and keenly supported event. It had in addition another interesting feature. It was, I believe, the first event on the British Motor Sports Calendar having international status that has ever been held in this country on a Sunday. On the Continent motor races are nearly always held on Sundays and that is one of many reasons for the enormous crowds that they attract. It has been suggested that if our big motoring events were held on Sundays the attendances would be most gratifying. In this country, however, as is well known, the Sabbath day is viewed in an entirely different light than is the case abroad and although it is not so strictly kept as in the Victorian days it is doubtful whether popular opinion at the moment would favour the holding of big gatherings watching sporting events on a Sunday. The pulpits would certainly have something to say about it.

During the course of the past few years we have, for instance, witnessed a very big change in the programmes put on the air by the B.B.C. on the first day of the week and apparently this has been carried out without any undue protest and so it looks as if in the near future public opinion may have altered to such a radical extent that our great international motor car races will take place on Sundays in this country.

AN IMPORTANT DEVELOPMENT ON THE LONDON–CLACTON ROAD: A scene on the new by-pass which has been built by the Essex County Council to eliminate a sharp right hand turn in the village of Weeley. The Weeley level crossing is also being removed, thus further helping to speed up traffic

HERE, THERE AND EVERY-WHERE

News from Many Quarters



TERRITORIAL BRIDGE-BUILDERS: Erecting a 9-ton pontoon over the River Stour in Kent. With heavy rain intervening, it has not been easy for the men to conduct their mimic warfare and thus obtain the training they need, but they have carried on manfully and have provided proof enough of the spirit that pervades Britain's new and bigger army. The Army is now entering upon its peak period of training

LEARNING SECRETS OF THE R.A.F.: Some of the 250 cadets of the air branch of the Public Schools O.T.C., who are in camp at Selsey Bill, inspecting Spitfire fighters during a visit to Hornchurch, Essex. They were flown to Hornchurch in thirty-two Anson reconnaissance planes, the visit being part of an elaborate week's programme arranged for them by the R.A.F.

WHILE WATCHING A DEMONSTRATION OF THE DAVIS ESCAPE APPARATUS at Portsmouth, Mr. H. W. Butcher, M.P. for the Holland division of Lincolnshire, fainted on the arms of his colleagues just as the instructor was shot to the surface

JERSEY'S BATTLE OF FLOWERS: Thousands of holiday-makers took part last week in this popular event on the island, where the blooms are now at their loveliest. *On left*—**SALMON LEAP:** This remarkable picture, showing three salmon springing high into the air, was taken at the Falls of Orin in Ross-shire

COWES CONTRAST: *Left*—The trend of feminine fashion at yachting headquarters in the year 1900 and (*right*) a picture taken last week when more women than ever were actively interested in the racing. The modern yachting woman wears very practical clothes but does not now wear the rather unbecoming peaked cap

BOWES-LYONS IN THE NEWS: Miss Anne Bowes-Lyon, second cousin of the Queen, leaving St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, with Mr. Ross Llewellyn after their marriage. Miss Sarah Bowes-Lyon (*right*), another second cousin of the Queen, has become engaged to Mr. P. H. D. Ryder

A CHARMING COUNTRY WEDDING: Captain C. G. Tryon, of the Grenadier Guards, and Miss P. Burrell leaving St. Mary's, Shipley, Sussex, after their marriage a few days ago. Members of the bridegroom's regiment formed the guard of honour outside the church following the ceremony

GILDING THE LILY: Actor Clive Brook helps actress Anna Lee to make herself look even more enchanting. A picture taken at Torquay, where they have been on location for the film *Return to Yesterday*

Hunting With Bow and Arrow

An Unusual American Game Reserve

IN these days of express rifles it seems strange to speak of hunting all kinds of game with the bow and arrow. In America, however, archers actually are taking quite big game with this age-old weapon.

Special reservations have been set aside by the Government for the benefit of the archer desirous of trying his skill against the wild game of the country. It has been demonstrated, too, that these modern Robin Hoods can shoot to kill with the bow and arrow as effectively as their brother huntsmen with the modern express rifle.

A MODERN ROBIN HOOD outside his tent in the Eight-mile Game Reserve, Washington, where hunting is carried on exclusively with bow and arrow

The latest of these reservations is known as the Eight-mile Game Reserve in the State of Washington. It lies high above sea-level some 280 miles north-east of the busy city of Seattle. For several years Mr. Kore T. Duryee, a well-known Seattle insurance man and a crack archer, has worked hard in an effort to obtain this gunless preserve, and now his labours have been rewarded. A few months ago the state authorities gave their sanction, and now archers may roam through the 8-mile-long reserve seeking their quarry with the bow and arrow.

The reserve is rich in all kinds of game. Deer are plentiful, but only bucks with branched antlers may be taken and the number is limited to one buck per huntsman. Bear may only be taken at stated periods. With the exception of grouse there is virtually no game which may not be hunted. The wardens are only too pleased to hear of the killing of coyotes, wild cat, possums, rabbits, hare, rattlers, and other snakes. They look upon these creatures as vermin. Bird life is plentiful and wild turkeys are taken. The waters, too, are well stocked with fish and one of the latest sports is taking fish by the bow and arrow.

HUnters pay the customary state hunting licence fee. They may use any combination of bows and arrows provided they possess killing power. Bows with a 40-pound pull are the rule, with broadhead arrows of various widths. The reserve takes in the entire Eight-mile Creek from its source to its mouth, at Chewack River, and is from 4 to 7 miles wide. The greater part of the reservation lies some 3,000 ft. above sea-level and it contains peaks 8,000 ft. in height.

Although the reserve has been opened only a few months its bow and arrow hunters can spin many an exciting yarn. The other week a hunter whilst stalking a young buck observed a coyote mother bringing a rabbit to her young. He knew he could not catch up with the buck so decided to give his attention to the coyote. Before she reached her den a wild cat stumbled across her path. The coyote dropped the rabbit and sailed into the wild cat. So furiously did the battle rage that neither animal saw the hunter as he crept up to the scene. He approached within 25 yards before nocking an arrow and, with a snap shot, drove an arrow through the cat.

Meanwhile, a second wild cat approached. Seeing his first arrow fly true to its mark, the hunter nocked another arrow, and loosed this one at the unsuspecting intruder. Shot through the heart, the marauder died instantly, not knowing what had struck him.

H. J. S.

A CRACK SHOT with bow and arrow is Mr. Kore T. Duryee, the well-known Seattle sportsman, who first sponsored the idea of a game reserve for archers

DYED IN THE WOOL

Knitted Suits for the Autumn Show Checks and Spot Designs

Here is a grand new idea. A fleece wool coat, camel coloured, with three uniform pockets and wide, padded shoulders. You can get it as well, for 2 guineas, in navy blue, nigger brown, or grey. It is easier to wear than a cardigan, and undoubtedly it is twice as cosy

The new jacket length for the autumn is shown in the suit below. Of knitted Angora, with a contrasting woven spot, the body-hugging coat has a curved neckline and double-flapped pockets, and the skirt has an open pleat at the side. It is made in excellent colours

The third of this trio from Debenham and Freebody is shown below. It is a knitted suit multi-checked in vibrant colours, and it costs only 69s. 6d. The skirt has two unpressed pleats at the front, and the jacket is admirably shaped. Both the hats are very definite in line and show significant autumn trends

POST BAG: Pictures from "Sphere" Readers

GREAT MINDS: Meet Mlle Jacqueline Ferrand (*left*), twenty-one-year-old student of the Ecole Normale Superieure, who, by emerging top in the French National Examination in Mathematics, has beaten all her male rivals.

No less remarkable is the feat of Miss Shirley C. Jennings (*right*), of Gunnersbury, London, who at the age of twenty-two has won the distinction of being the first woman in England to receive a Higher Grade Gas Engineering (Supply) Certificate

On left—
RIPE FOR HARNESSING: This dramatic picture of the Falls of Paulo Alfonso has been sent to "The Sphere" by a reader who points out what enormous potentialities the falls have for the supply of power. The falls are situated on the Rio de San Francisco in the province of Pernambuco, Brazil. The river is navigable for 150 miles below the falls and for about 100 miles above the falls

SAILING ON ST. MORITZ SEE: Yachts taking part in the big August regatta which is always a popular feature of the summer holiday season in this home of winter sport. Although Switzerland is inclined to be expensive this year, it has attracted a veritable host of English visitors

FISHERMAN'S WAYS: The first picture shows the skipper of a Yarmouth herring-drifter dispatching a message by carrier-pigeon to advise the fish merchants what size of catch to expect.

The second picture shows one of the keepers on the Wolf lighthouse, off Land's End, sending out a kite to which he attaches his hook, line and bait. The kite carries the line far away from the rocks

CONTINUATIONS

THE PYRENEAN BRIDGE SYSTEM

(*Continued from page* 238)

situation and to-day all roads leading to the frontier and all bridges on these roads, especially the near frontier bridges which cross rivers and ravines, are being closely guarded day and night.

These bridges at Céret, Le Boulou, and elsewhere have immediately become "strategic points" and will not only have to be guarded but also *defended*, which is quite another matter and a greater undertaking. Much greater, in fact, because often at proximity to some of these important bridges are huge hydro-electric power stations which supply current to the light railways and local industries, and for the lighting of the surrounding district. Some of the bridges carry the mains, built-in or attached to the structure. So it is no wonder, when travelling on these near-frontier roads, to meet groups of surveyors, or "géographes," as they are called here, with their theodolites and other instruments. A big stocktaking by the Ponts et Chaussées department is on.

Perhaps the most curious bridge on the French side of the Pyrenées is the Séjourné viaduct, which crosses a ravine at Fontpédrouse, on the electric railway line between Villefranche and Bourg Madame, which is the frontier town opposite Puigcerda. The pointed, not parabolic, arch is very fascinating to behold. The Séjourné bridge is 211 ft. above the bed of the river Tet, which stream is, at this point, about 3,000 ft. above sea level. With the exception of the parapet, which is of ferro-concrete, this bridge, 800 ft. in length, is built entirely of granite. The span of the pointed arch is 100 ft., and it rises to about 120 ft. above its bases, which are built deep down into the rocks on either side of the river. This is the only bridge in France of this particular style and construction. It was built some few years ago and is considered a perfect model of masonry, ranking with the celebrated Roque-favour viaduct, near Marseilles, or even in some respects with the Pont du Gard which the Romans built near Nîmes.

Amongst other Pyrenées bridges of daring conception and construction is the famous cable suspension bridge at Gisclard, near Mont Louis. This bridge, 760 ft. long, hangs from cables attached to two enormous pylons and actually rocks in the "tramontane" wind at a height of 240 ft. above the River Tet.

The Pyrenées bridges are now of extreme importance, for whilst one can get along almost any road, getting over ravines with rivers at the bottom is quite another thing.

WAR ON THE GROUSE

(*Continued from page* 249)

be seen whistling towards you from a good way off. Every man is ready, eyes fixed on the speck which will in a flash be a bird and in another flash a speck, unless his aim is true.

Tension works up to such an extent that I can record an instance of a man, seeing a speck approaching him, waiting, and then letting off both barrels. He killed a bumble bee!

Let us leave the scene and count up the bag—110 brace—not bad for a start. Most of these will go to market and find their way to the dinner tables of the rich, especially in the opening days of the season.

The first grouse is a ceremonial occasion. The officers' mess in Cairo, or Shepheard's Hotel, always order a consignment to be flown out. By the evening of August 14 they will be on the table, and by August 17 parties in Capetown will be enjoying them, already dressed, having been transported in air-cooled containers by aeroplane.

For these early grouse poachers—they are still numerous—and early shooters will get as much as £1 a brace, though 15s. is the more regular price. Alas, after all the care used in producing the birds, in caring for them, and in shooting them, later during the season the recognised price is only 2s. 6d. a brace, straight from the moors. It is, however, a *leetle* bit more in the shops and restaurants.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

In the centre of London is the Hostel and Technical School of this Society, where boys of fifteen to eighteen who have been in the Society's other branches, are transferred to learn a trade or profession until they earn enough to leave for suitable lodgings. In their leisure hours various hobbies are organised, and there is also a study room, and everything is done to make the place "home" for these boys. One thing is often missing, and that is flowers to make gay the rooms and dining tables, and flowers are a luxury to buy, but there must be many who would often send flowers from their gardens, or leave them as they pass, if they realised the pleasure their flowers would give. Flower vases are also needed. Will you remember this? They will be gratefully received at Fordham House, 164a, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

Announcing . . . . a new collection of

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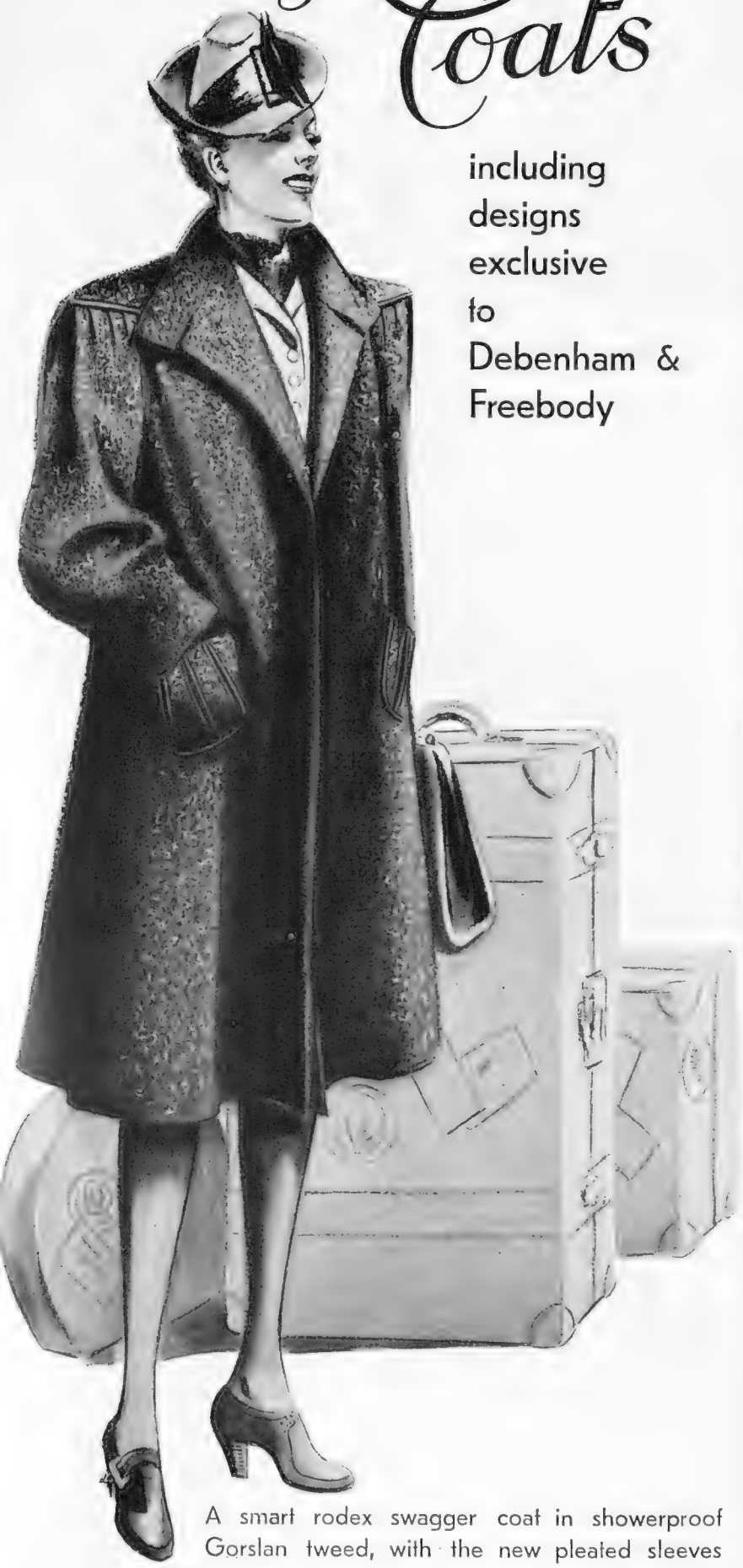
including designs exclusive to Debenham & Freebody



A smart rodex swagger coat in showerproof Gorslan tweed, with the new pleated sleeves and pockets; lined throughout. In various sizes and colours. 7½ Gns.

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The Sportsman's ETHYL

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ETHYL BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK

Plus a little something

THE UNSPOILT BEAUTY OF THE DALMATIAN COAST Looking through an archway of trees on to the ancient town of Dubrovnik, port of call of so many cruising liners. It is a city with a great historic tradition, dating back to the days when it was a Corinthian colony long before the might of Rome arose

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

NOTES FROM FAR AND NEAR

Enchanting Dubrovnik—More Treasures for Chantilly — Giants of the Pennine Alps

YUGOSLAVIA.—One of the best-known names in European travel is Dubrovnik, probably because anybody who knows the enchanting picture cannot help talking about it. Almost without exception the cruising liners visiting the Adriatic include it in their itineraries.

It is a city with a great historic tradition dating back to Corinth whose child it was, but its best architectural features are Venetian and Renaissance, while the fortifications, an essential part of the picture, belong to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The Ducal Palace, the richly adorned cathedral, and the monasteries with their beautiful cloister gardens are some of its outstanding treasures, but it is really the general picture which captures all who behold it.

Those who know only Dubrovnik, however, do not know Yugoslavia. It should be but an introduction, a brilliant one indeed, and the whole country lives up to it. History and art with a moderation of modernism are blended in many places along the Adriatic Coast—Korcula, which falls only little short of Dubrovnik as a picture, Kotor, hidden in a fjord and the starting point for a visit to old Montenegro, Split, the tourist centre of the coast, which has grown out of the immense palace of Diocletian, Sibenik which has the only cathedral in Europe built entirely of stone and marble, and Crikvenica, just a great playground, are some of them. Yugoslavia has some first-class steamers on the service up and down the coast and there is no difficulty in getting to any of these places.

Behind these Dalmatian ports is a countryside full of variety, wild and rugged in places, inhabited by many strains with the trait of hospitality in common, and steeped in history. Yugoslavia takes complete possession over one stretch of the Danube. Belgrade, the white city, is largely modern, and proud of it, Zagreb, the second city and cultural centre is very picturesque, and Ljubljana, once the capital of Slovenia, is set in almost Alpine scenery. Sarajevo, the unforgettable, is largely Oriental in character.

Any tour of the country should also include Lake Bled in the Slovene Alps.

Chantilly.—This delightful small town is only about an hour's run from Paris. Its name is most familiar to us in association with lace and the horse race. While the heyday of the former has passed, the other is very much alive and the course is in a lovely park. Racing apart, however, you should go there to see the château, which is built on an island in a beautiful park designed largely by Le Notre, Louis XIV's famous gardener.

Next to the *grand château*, the sixteenth-century architect, Jean Bullant, built a *petit château* known as the Châtelet in the present Renaissance style. The picture gallery, already famed for its fine collection of works by François Clouet, has recently been enriched by fifty-two portraits, the gift of Viscountess de Poncins. Rubens, Corneille de Lyon and Clouet are represented in this new collection which is already open to the public. The Viscountess has also presented 100 rare books to the library in which there are 13,000 volumes.

There is also a lovely golf course at Chantilly. It is surrounded by woods and is bounded on one side by a river.

Utrecht.—There is probably no place in the Netherlands which really represents the life of the country better than Utrecht. It is right in the centre and does not see so much of the tourist traffic as most cities. In the Central Museum there is abundant evidence that the Romans had a camp on the site. To-day in the old city are quaint red-tiled gables, picturesque canals and some grand spires, but the modern developments are considerable, the post office gaining distinction with a central hall of parabolic design.

I would recommend a stay at Utrecht, but if that is not possible there is a very good run by car from Amsterdam through Nieuwersluis and Breukelen, on which you can collect some impressions. The drive is continued through De Bilt, Zeist, and Driebergen to Doorn, the picturesque old village of which we have heard a good deal since 1918. On the way back you see the Pyramid of Austerlitz, erected in 1815 by Napoleon's troops. The route is then to Amersfoort and alongside the royal palace at Soestdijk, where Princess Juliana's baby was born last week.

The Matterhorn.—There is no mistaking the curious peak of the Matterhorn (14,780 ft.), one of the giants of the Pennine Alps, although its neighbours, the Monte Rosa and the Dom, push their way even a little higher above the clouds. Scenically it is the joint property of Italy and Switzerland and the link is the St. Theodule pass.

At Pian Rosa, about a mile from the base of the famous cone, a novel restaurant will be opened within the next few weeks. It will be a gigantic glass globe with a framework of concentric iron rings. The pedestal will protrude over the glacier which descends towards the Gandegg refuge in Switzerland. The globe, weighing 15 tons, will be transported on the last stage by the wire-rope railway to Pian Rosa. The dining-room in the structure will provide a wonderful view towards Zermatt on the Swiss side and over the Aosta Valley on the Italian.

This is a great district for winter sports later on, and the Italian town Valtournanche is the starting point for many of the excursions.

Amboise.—Amboise, where a flower festival was recently held, is one of the places travellers in the château country of the Loire valley do not miss. Indeed, it is not easy to do so, for the castle occupies a very commanding position and is seen for miles around. Built on a terrace overlooking the Loire, a little way up-stream from Tours, the castle is flanked by enormous towers.

Amboise was the setting of one of the grimmest chapters in French history—the massacre of the Huguenots in 1560, and the reminders of that are apt to intrude on a tranquil and admiring mind as you move about the place to-day. It has an enchanting little chapel dedicated to St. Hubert, and in it is the tomb of Leonardo da Vinci.

Within easy distance is the castle of Chenonceaux, in the valley of the Cher. It is built right over the river, the bridge portion being the Great Gallery designed by Delorme, and dating from the time of Catherine de Medici. Mary Stuart and young Francis II spent their honeymoon there.

MAN OF SUSAK: A rugged type in a fishing port of the Dalmatian coast

Möen Island.—One of the smaller islands of Denmark, Möen, has so much distinctive scenery that it should get more attention from travellers. It lies just off the toe of Zealand and may be reached easily by ferry from Kalvehave or the island of Falster.

The only town is Stege, in the heart of the island, but you should go on through a forest to Möens Klint where there are some queer-looking chalk cliffs about 400 ft. high. There are picturesque old churches on the island, whose north coast beaches draw large numbers of bathers.

French Line.—On June 15, 1864, the paddle steamer *Washington* of 5,600 tons displacement sailed from Havre for New York and established the first passenger and mail service between France and the United States. A water-colour of the departure is the frontispiece of a book issued by La Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, or, as we usually call it, French Line, telling the history of the company during three-quarters of a century. If the artist is to be believed, the *Washington* had a favouring wind for her departure as she had square sails set, the lesser craft in the harbour were heeling in the right direction and the smoke from her funnels was not flowing aft in defiance of the breeze.

The main thing, however, is that from such an auspicious beginning, the Line has developed into one of the most powerful fleets in the world. It operates seventy-four ships, of which the *Normandie* is flagship, and she naturally figures very prominently in the booklet which, like everything I see from their office, is characterised by good taste and artistic finish and, of course, full of interest.

U.S.A. and Canada.—Cooks have an escorted tour to North America in October. The party will leave Southampton by the *Aquitania* on October 4 and spend two or three days in New York, afterwards going on to Philadelphia, Washington, Niagara Falls, Toronto, Ottawa, and returning from Montreal by the *Empress of Britain* on October 21. The cheapest rates are about £66, but we recommend the extra comfort of tourist travel at sea, which costs rather more.

Victoria Falls.—If your travels take you to South Africa I am sure one of the sights you will be most anxious to see is the Zambesi and the Victoria Falls. You can see them just as Livingstone did by making a trip by motor launch or canoe from the north bank when the river is low to the island which bears his name right on the brink of the falls.

On one side of the island are the Main Falls and on the other the Rainbow Falls. Where the river takes its plunge of some 400 ft. it is about a mile wide. The water does not fall into the open basin, but is broken by the opposite wall of the chasm and the only outlet is the Boiling Pot, a gorge not more than 100 ft. wide, through which the river emerges into a winding trough 40 miles long. On the opposite brink of the chasm facing the Main Falls is the Rain Forest.

Beverley Brooke

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Inquiries by letter addressed to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau, 32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, will be promptly answered. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot, however, be accepted

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute. — Palace Hotel. — Sea front. Near Golf. Casino. Bathing. Tennis. Reduced terms from August 20.

FRANCE.

Antibes.—Grand Hotel du Cap D'Antibes et Pavillon Eden-Roc. — Unique situation, between Cannes and Nice.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Htl.—Free bus ser. with Monte Carlo & Menton. Tennis. Swim. pl. 15 acres pr. pk. Inc. fr. 120 f. With bath fr. 140 f.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.—Facing links. New lounge and American bar. Special privilege of daily green free.

Le Touquet. — Hotel Regina. — Facing Sea. Opposite Swimming Pool. First-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Le Trayas (Var) French Riviera—Navirotel near Cannes' golf. Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illustrated booklet with terms.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest)
Brenners Parkhotel,
Family Hotel de Luxe.

Baden-Baden. — Hotel Frankfurter Hof. — Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Bad Gastein.—Hotel Des Kaiserhof.—
First-class hotel.
Situated amidst own park.

Bad Gastein.—Hotel Straubinger.—First-class family hotel, 200 rooms. Thermal-bath in hotel, garage. Pension from RM. 10 upwards.

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class Hotel. Large garden, facing baths and Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from RM. 11.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Cologne, Schweizerhof, Victoriastr. 11.—100 beds, all mod. comf., garage, A.A. hotel, quiet sit., home fr. home, incl. trms, fr. RM. 7.00.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. hotel. Dir. pos. on river Elbe. Garden, park, terraces, bar, orchestra, gar. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Dusseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Ldg. htl. Wrld-rend. Fav. home of int. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. Bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6.—75 Pr. B. fr. 9.

Franzensbad.—Hotel Königsvilla.—The leading hotel near Bath-houses and Springs. Own large Garden.

Franzensbad, Sudetenland.—Htl. Imperial.—Excl.—wld. known, close to the springs & baths. Season April 15 to Oct. 15. Prospectus. Tel. 35.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen.—Bavarian Alps.—**Park Hotel. "Alpenhof."**—Ldg Hotel in best cent. sit. Evy. cmft. Prosp. Prop.: Hanns Kilian.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perfect hotel-building. Select home of international Society and Aristocracy.

Munich.—The new **Hotel Excelsior,** near the Hauptbahnhof. First-class, modern, and quietly placed. Rooms from RM. 3.50 onwards.

Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental. — Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Stuttgart. — Hotel Graf Zeppelin. — Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date hotel in South Germany.

Wiesbaden. — Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st cl. family hotel. 310 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every poss. comfort. Own bath. estab. Pension from RM. 10.

Wiesbaden. — Hotel Rose.—World-renowned. Opposite Park and Spring. Own bath. Establ. Patronised by best Society. Pens. fr. Marks 12.

Wiesbaden. — Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four seasons). Select home of Soc. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pension from RM. 12.

POLAND.

Warsaw.—Hotel Bristol.—250 rooms. Every modern comfort. 90 private bathrooms. Garage. Restaurant. Dancing. Cocktail-bar Garden.

SWITZERLAND.

Baden-Spa (near Zurich).—Verenahof and Ochsen.—1st. cl. highly cultured fam. htl. Mod. comft. 100 med. (thermal) bths. in htl. mod. trms.

Davos.—Palace Hotel.—Summer 1939. Rooms from 6 Frs. Full board from 13 Frs. With Parsenn Railway on 8,000 ft.

Gstaad.—Bernerhof.—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Noted for food and comfort. Golf. Tennis. Swimming. Terms from Frc. 11.

Glion (2,200 ft. ab. sea level).—**Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**—Lead Htl. lowest rates. View of Lk. Geneva. Ten. Gar. 15 mins. fr. Montreux.

Klosters.—Sport Hotel Silvretta.—4,000 ft. Orchestra. Dancing. Pension fr. 15. Electrically hted. swim. pl. Tennis. Wlkng. Mntaineering.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

Lausanne.—Hôtel Meurice.—On the lake. 110 beds. The best first-class hotel, entirely renovated. Inclusive terms 11/-. Garage. Garden.

Lausanne.—Hotel Mirabeau.—Delightful residence. Homelike atmos. All cmfts. & amenities. Renowned cuis. Diet. Inclu. terms from Fr. 13.

Lausanne-Palace-Beau-Site Hotel.—Most-up-to-date, ideally situated. Ex. cuisine. Bar grill-room. Orches. Reasonable rates. Lucien A. Poltera, dir.

Lausanne. — Victoria. — First-class. Magnificent view of lake and Alps. Rooms from Fr. 5. Inclusive from Fr. 12.

Lenzerheide. — Grand Hotel Kurhaus. — Leading first-class hotel. Best position. Large private prk. Open-air restrnt. Trms frm Frs. 13.

Lenzerheide (Grisons).—The Schweizerhof.—In own large park. Most beautiful Alpine scenery. Ask for prospectus. F. Brenn, propr.

SWITZERLAND—*continued.*

Locarno.—Parkhotel.—Select. Quiet. Sunny. Large park. Terms from Francs 13. Prospectus through the proprietor, M. Hagen.

Lucerne.—Carlton Htl. on the Lake.—1st.-cl. Finest sit. in priv. grounds. Mod. terms. Priv. sun & lake baths free for guests. Pk. Ten. Gar.

Lucerne.—The Palace.—Leading hotel in unrivalled situation directly on lake shore. Quiet, yet central. Full pension from frc. 15.50.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Majestic Hotel —Strictly first class. Best view, full south. Own priv. swim. pl. Open-air rest. Mod. prices.

Lugano.—Lloyd Hotel (Southern Switzerland).—Directly on the Lake. All cmfts. 100 beds. Open-air terrace. Restaurnt. Pens. rate fm. Frs. 11.50.

Montreux.—Hotel Excelsior.—Bst. lke. side sit. 100 rms. all s'th with balcony. Ideal for peaceful, comfort. stay. Wkly. all incl. terms in £.

Oberhofen (Lake of Thun).—**Hotel Victoria.**—L'd'g in pos. and qual. Ev. com. P'k. B'th'g. Sail'g, Ten., Gar. W'kly arr'g'm'ts fr. Frs. 75.

Pontresina.
The Kronenhof.
The traditional English House.

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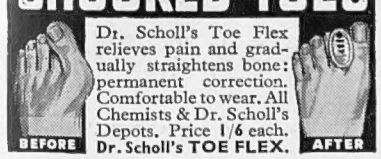

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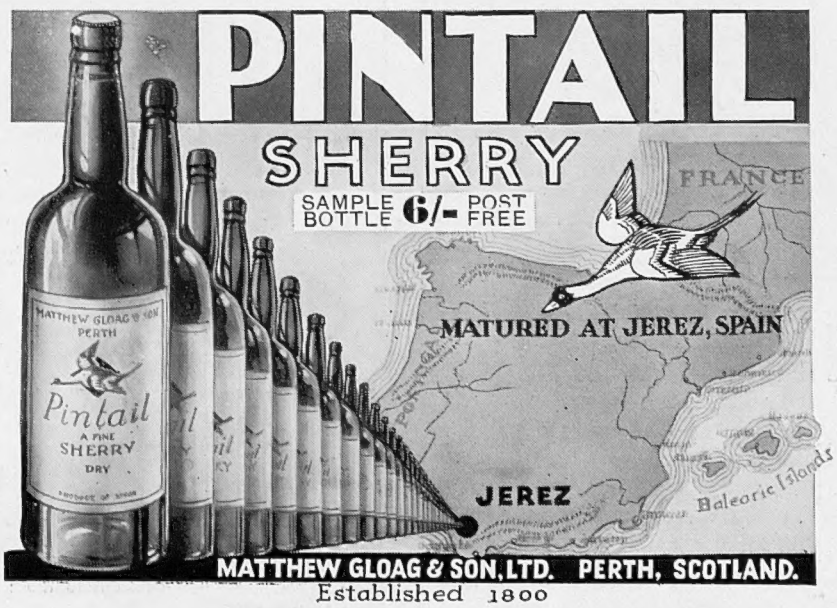

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September is the Warmest Month to Stay for an Ideal

WITH all the planning which takes place every year for holidays after the crowded month of August, Scotland often enough gets less than its fair share of attention. It is easily understandable that people in the south should be afraid that the Scottish climate is chilly in the autumn and the touring facilities small; but this is one of those fallacies which can do so much to damn a reputation without the smallest grounds. My own experience shows—I have not the official statistics beside me—that, on the average, September is the warmest month of the Scottish summer, and that the Scottish September, especially in the far north, is fully as warm, if not warmer, than the English one.

I have a vivid memory of parking my car once for a day on the west coast of Sutherland, in the middle of September, and having to cover the tyres with rugs to prevent them blistering in the sun. This is but an example of what you may be fortunate enough to get. In fact, the proximity of the Gulf Stream ensures that this northerly part of Scotland, which might be supposed to be bleak, is actually very temperate in its climate; and the effect of this is felt far down into the Highlands.

At the Atholl Palace Hotel, for instance, at Pitlochry, you will find halcyon days in September, and not only will the weather be fine—unless I am much mistaken—but there will be plenty to do. For the Atholl Palace boasts—and with great justification—that it is a holiday resort in itself. Not only is it an hotel in a thousand, with every conceivable amenity of first-class hotel life, but it is in many respects the very centre of Highland life; and for those who take their delight in the tossing of the caber and similar rugged pursuits of the Highlander, the Atholl Palace is the place to visit. If your inclination is for the life and treatment of a hydro, your choice in the same place might well fall on the Pitlochry Hydro.

Perthshire is, and always will be, one of the most popular areas in Scotland for holiday-making. But there is another corner—particularly suitable for autumn holidays—which is less well-known, at any rate to the English; and that is the Firth of Forth and the coast of Midlothian. Lundin Links and Gullane and, above all, North Berwick achieve, in their respective ways, the mellow delights of September. At all three of them you will find the very essence of good golf, but perhaps North Berwick is the most complete and sophisticated of the three, with its hotel—the Marine—which is undoubtedly one of the most first-class in the south of Scotland. Yet, if I must name the Marine at North Berwick first on the list, let it not be thought that I despise its smaller namesake—the Marine at Gullane—or the Lundin

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of the Scottish Summer—Where Holiday in the Far North

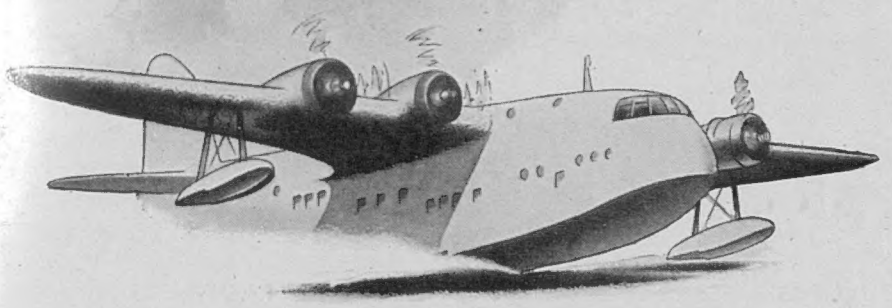
Links Hotel over the water. For these two in their smaller and less pretentious way, have something which is particularly satisfying—especially to golfers and motorists.

While writing of this part of Scotland, I must once again draw the attention of SPHERE readers, in case there are some who still do not know it, to the New Carlton Hotel at Edinburgh. This is, in truth, a new development in hotel-keeping; for it offers, in a big town, the comfort of a really first-class hotel—at distinctly popular prices. Slightly comparable—but only slightly—with the Cumberland Hotel, shall we say, in London, it is to the best of my knowledge the first hotel of its kind in any of our other big cities.

Last of all—and in writing of Scotland's infinite variety one's selection must necessarily be completely arbitrary—I must mention the Clyde. And for a special reason. It is the only part of Scotland which, in the height of summer, becomes full of holiday-makers in the same way as do English seaside resorts. And consequently many English people who are looking for a certain degree of peace and seclusion on a Scottish holiday steer clear of it, and in doing so miss some of the most glorious scenery which the world has to show. The secret is to visit the Clyde in the autumn. The delights of Skelmorlie or Rothesay, the Kyles of Bute and Loch Lomond may be difficult of access in July and August, but in the latter half of September and early October they shine forth in all their glory, unspoilt by excessive crowds.

One word, in conclusion, about "Access to Mountains" in Scotland late in the year. There exists a widespread idea that from September onwards the freedom of the country-lover will be considerably interfered with by the vested interests of the land-owner and the deer-stalker. This is not so. All over Scotland the most beautiful countryside is privately owned, and the walker who ventures far from the road without asking permission is guilty of discourtesy which may well in the end lead to his own discomfort. On the other hand, the small amount of trouble involved in finding out who to ask, and asking where you may go without interfering with the rights of the property-owner, is well worth while. In fact, so long as you keep out of the way of the guns, you are likely to do less harm late in the year than in the summer; and I myself have always found the keepers most ready to co-operate in helping me to ramble where I will.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*



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Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Bath 3266.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
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Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Hinton Firs Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Brighton 4171.
Brixham.—Berry Head House Hotel. Tel. 3314.
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
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Cromer.—Overstrand Hotel. Overstrand 229.
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